

THE **ART AMATEUR** A MONTHLY JOURNAL
 DEVOTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF
 ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD

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CARVED OAK SIDEBOARD OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN ROSENBERG CASTLE, BOHEMIA.

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A REMARKABLE RUG.

ON another page we give an illustration of a quarter section of a very curious rug recently brought to this country by Mr. Yaye, manager of The First Japanese Trading Company. It was found in the temple of Hi-Yei-Zan in Kyoto, where it had been, according to tradition, about four hundred years, it having been brought from China. It is certain, however, that it was made neither in China or Japan. Precisely where it was made no one seems able to say. We shall not presume to decide a point on which such experts in Oriental art as Mr. Yaye and others confess themselves nonplussed, particularly such a one as this, which calls for special technical knowledge, involving important considerations. But we do venture to say to those who have declared that the rug is not Persian that we find much in favor of a contrary theory.

The rug is about 11 feet 2 inches in length, and about 6 feet 3 inches in breadth. It has a warp of wool and a web of silk. The design is a diaper of conventionalized lotos flowers, leaves and buds, harmoniously colored in blues, greens and yellows, and the ground between is composed of basket-like pleats of heavy silver wire. We show at the bottom of the illustrated page the appearance of the wire in connection with a silk ornament which occurs at regular intervals in the general design as a centre figure, sometimes detached and sometimes connected with the diaper. This bit of detail gives a fair idea of the relative appearance in the rug of the textures of ground and diaper; but it is impossible to give in black and white any idea of the beautifully soft sheen which the silver ground throws out when the rug is seen by a favorable light. The metal naturally is much tarnished, and therefore does not glitter; but out of its tawney folds it gives forth a subtle iridescence which cannot be described. The ground in centre and borders is of a uniform neutral tone, inclining to brown, which harmonizes well with the somewhat darker hue of the narrower outside border, which is a faded Indian red. The lotos flowers, shown open, are alternately of blue with salmon-colored edgings and yellow centre, and green with blue edgings and yellow centre; the buds are green, edged with salmon-color, and the leaves are alternately of green and yellow and salmon-color and white. In our illustration our artist has been careful not to emphasize the outlines of the flowers, but has striven rather to present the general appearance of the design with all the irregularities consequent to its hand-make and the wear of centuries.

Returning to the hypothesis that the rug is of Persian origin, the first thing we note are its proportions, which accord with the theory. We next come to the arrangement of the design. The connection of the flowers, buds and leaves by stems to form a diaper, is in no way opposed to Persian practice. Indeed, the placing of flowers at points of lineal juncture may be regarded as a prominent characteristic of Persian design.

We come now to a stumbling-block. How does it happen that the lotos flower, never used in Persian carpets, gives the motive here for the entire design? And how are we to account for what one would be apt to call the "Greek" border, shown in our illustration?

Let us meet our second question first, as it will lead us, perhaps, to a partial solution to the other.

The design of the narrow border is no more Greek than it is Chinese. It is indeed common to all nations who base design on geometrical forms—of which this is the most elementary expression. We do not remember to have met with it in any purely Persian work, although, in the light of ancient history, which shows the Greek and Persian intimately connected, the latter might easily have acquired it from his old Hellenic foe. Is it not more probable, however, that, inasmuch as through long centuries of opportunity the Persian never thought of going to Greece for ideas in decoration, that this border came to him among other ideas which he borrowed much later from the Chinese? As early at least as the middle of the thirteenth century there were Chinese artisans in Persia, who left the impress of their minds to a very strong degree on the pottery of the land of their adoption. What more likely than that some of them found employment in the carpet factories? Might not their presence in Persia, too, account for the lotos design in the rug under consideration? The lotos flower is sacred to the Buddhists of China, as it is to the Brahmins of India. What more likely than that this rug—which, tradition has it, four

hundred years ago was presented by a Chinese Buddhist devotee to the Japanese Buddhist temple, Hi-Yei-Zan—was originally made in Persia by Chinese artisans, to serve the special purpose of a prayer carpet in some Buddhist temple? This theory would account at once for the characteristic Persian arrangement of the diaper, the lotos design, and the "Greek" border.

The most important clew, however, to the origin of the rug is as yet untouched. It is to be found in the analysis of the peculiar silver wire-work which forms the ground of the design. Brocades, introducing the precious metals, were known to the Persians so long ago as the ninth century, when the latter sent presents to Charlemagne of such material on the occasion of his coronation. But, so far as we can learn, the basket-like wire-work of this rug is unique. We may hope perhaps to receive enlightenment on this head from some of our many readers in the ranks of the industrial art-workers.

TWO IMPORTANT PICTURES.

It is really delightful to find that Gérôme, now aged and white-headed, can paint with every whit of his accustomed force. Mr. Albert Spencer's recently acquired "Snake-Charmer" can hold its own against any Eastern subject in the world from the brush of Gérôme; it fully equals his "Almeh," and excels his "Sword Dance," showing that the master's best day is his sexagenarian day. The picture has been a cynosure at Avery's. It represents a statuesque nude youth wrapped in the cold coil of a monstrous python, and putting the reptile through his paces before a crowd of Arabs in an inn-courtyard. A lean old man sits alongside playing a pipe, and this ascetic-looking hero, it has been suggested, is the real charmer, and not the boy, who is little more than a climbing-pole for the gymnastic monster. Among the throng in front, one man is of far higher rank than the rest, and shows by his green turban that he claims descent from the Prophet. His aristocratic tolerant expression is a perfect bit of drama, as fine as the emperor crushing a fig in the "Gladiators." These spectators range themselves against a wall of cool delicious turquoise-blue tile-work, the caravanserai being presumably an old mosque degraded to publican's uses. Every head among the suite of the Arab grandee is a separate study of character and expression, the negro faces being especially varied and characteristic. The eye rests finally, however, on the statue-like form of the lad, whose back is an exquisite anatomical study, while the starting muscles of his shapely legs, springing into sight as they maintain the equilibrium of the figure, are modelled with the clean precision used by the old carvers of ivory crucifixes. This figure is to be executed in bronze by the artist, with a silver snake. He made numerous studies at day-break, before the admission of visitors, in the Jardin des Plantes, from the serpents climbing over the trees and pegs of the snake-house, including their most characteristic attitudes and most ponderous movements. The spectator of the painting will notice that the boy's arm does not exert its strength to support the neck of the snake, but is rather carried by it than upholding it. The sense of fluid motion and force proceeding through the whole length of the lad's form, its perfectly understood continuity and unity from head to foot, are most admirable. Again, the lean pipe-player is a Ribera-like study of desiccated flesh, tempting to Fortuny or to Villegas. One of the most impressive lessons promulgated by Gérôme in his school is the inherent unity of the human figure, the lines of connection between its frames of sinews and cages of bones. "Many artists model each limb or extremity as if it were a separate picture!" he says, with contempt. To this one would be tempted to answer, in the face of pictures like the present, "Yes, cher maître, and is there not a similar unity to be maintained between the features of an artistic composition, and should there not be fluid lines of connection tying the whole series of forms together from margin to margin?" It is this higher sense of unity which the "Snake-Charmer" and many another elaborate work of the artist seem to lack; and though we abominate criticising a great master outside the frame of the problem he attempts, and have no patience with those who try to sting this particular executant for not having an entirely different temperament, yet we are inclined to think that the problem of unities is one completely in the line of his own study, that he ought to carry it farther, and that his compositions sometimes, as now, have the fault

of being a number of separate pictures and focuses set side by side. It is because he so triumphantly masters the unity of individual forms that we venture on this plea for unity of structural composition.

Gabriel Max has been seen at Goupil's of late in a beautiful treatment of "Saint Cecilia." Kneeling at the organ, the fair saint bids adieu to earth with one last pressure of the keys. The bride of heaven joins her celestial spouse, and the symbolic bâton is broken at her feet, as in the "Spozalia" of Raphael and similar marriage-subjects by the old masters. The whole interest of the figure is concentrated in a back view, the variety and intricacy of the classic drapery presenting as high an interest as the most exquisite flesh-study or delineation of the face. Max, if not one of the greatest of technists, is one of the most dramatic of living painters, and justifies his fame once more by this living, breathing, sighing, expiring figure.

THE FEUARDENT-CESNOLA CONTROVERSY.

THE committee appointed to investigate the charges brought by Mr. Feuardent against General Di Cesnola have received a long statement from the latter, denying the charges and making a variety of insinuations against the motives and character of Mr. Feuardent. In view of this personal attack, that gentleman decided to appear before the committee, and made an extended reiteration and explanation of his accusations. General Di Cesnola also offered the evidence of his repairer, Mr. Balliard, in support of his case, and Mr. Feuardent presented an affidavit by Mr. Cox (a photographer lately employed at the Museum) in corroboration of his charges, together with letters from Prof. Anthon and Prof. Poole, certifying to his high personal character and ability as an archaeologist. Up to the time of this writing, however, no new light of importance has been thrown upon the matter under discussion, General Di Cesnola being absent from the second meeting, so that Mr. Feuardent had no opportunity to question him. We cannot say that the charges have been either proved or disproved by the verbal evidence, and in common with the general public we await the result of the committee's personal examination of the several objects, alleged to have been improperly restored, before making up our final judgment.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE art event of the month is the Water-Color Exhibition at the National Academy, and we have given it elsewhere copious illustration, together with an appreciative and philosophical critique by our esteemed contributor, Mr. Edward Strahan. A detached page of Mr. Strahan's manuscript escaped the vigilance of the printer, and as it touches upon some of the best work in the exhibition, we give it place here:

Mr. Shurtleff, whose fruitful summer among the Adirondacks has inspired him with some of the best efforts of his life, makes an ample contribution of varied subjects, as interesting for originality as for quality; it is to his kind assistance that we are largely indebted for facilities in illustrating our article. Mr. H. Farrer's conscientious talent is exhibited in a large coast-scene, "The Fisherman's Cottage by the Sea," with a stormy sky, and the fisherman's light in the window of his cottage, while a tree blows wildly alongside, the boat rocks disastrously beside the sheltering rock, and the ocean is madly agitated beneath the storm-clouds. "Where have they gone?" is a pathetic scene in a rural churchyard, with children investigating the mystery of the graves, and a pale widow passing in the distance, as one who has long since learned the lesson they are studying. Mr. F. S. Church surprises one by the vigor and intensity of his largest picture this year, where a landscape of artistic breadth and merit incloses some foreground figures of sheep, only half made out, but in spirited and natural attitudes. Mr. Muhrmann distinguishes himself by a fine figure of a half-nude old man changing his linen. Mr. Hopkinson Smith has a new, brilliant study of his favorite "Peggotty Cottage," and a bold cliff scene.

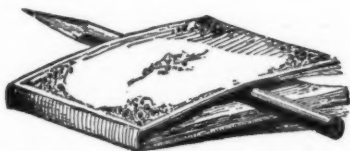
Mr. T. W. Wood, the President of the Society, exhibits some more of his characteristic studies of rustic character, executed with his old conscience and ability, and a more difficult problem of a life-scale figure, an old-fashioned ladylike tea-drinker in a mob-cap, finished

with anxious precision and detail. Professor Eakins, of Philadelphia, sends a subject of a spinning-girl, in 1820 costume, not without success in the Millet-like breadth of drawing he so especially understands.

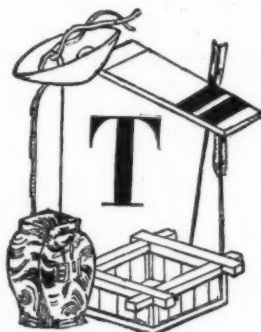
CONCERNING OUR PREMIUMS.

THERE are still left a few of the premium menu cards, in sets of four, offered to January subscribers. These will be sent to those whose subscriptions are first received until our supply is exhausted. The set of eight cards will be sent, as heretofore, to those subscribers who send us "an extra subscription and four dollars." These cards were designed by Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, the head of the art department at Tiffany & Co.'s, and are not only excellent of their kind, but are full of valuable suggestion to amateur art decorators. To those who prefer it, Mr. Volkmar's etching will be sent instead of the cards, and those who send seven dollars for two new subscriptions will receive both the cards and the etching.

In all cases the money must be received in advance at this office. Those who buy the paper from month to month of newsdealers cannot be regarded as entitled to a premium on that account. To those who wish to buy the premiums the eight cards will be sent for four dollars, the etching on white paper for three dollars, and the same on Japan paper for four dollars.



My Note Book.



HE silly mode of adopting the device of a pig for ladies' trinkets and gentlemen's scarf-pins has given place to one in even worse taste. It is that of wearing symbols of one's calling. Thus an artist wears a gold palette with gems of red, green, white and other colors, and a sculptor a chisel and mallet crossed.

The fashion comes from Paris, where it was set by Mlle. Jacquemart, who received a symbolic brooch as a gift from M. Thiers. The golden lyre is adopted by Mme. Viardot, the golden mask by Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt. I must protest against a fashion already made odious by vulgar sportsmen who have long worn the horse-shoe and whip as emblems of the turf. A fashion paper, I notice, commends the folly, and considers it "most appropriate." Then let it be adopted consistently, and no shirking. Let the retired grocer wear the emblem of a codfish, the clothier a pair of shears, the pawnbroker three balls, the liquor-dealer a demijohn, the capitalist a money-bag, the contractor a wheelbarrow, and the undertaker a coffin.

HERE is a suggestion direct from Paris which may save you much anguish when Bridget, in the natural course of events, shall break your favorite old Saxony cup and saucer. Do not sit down and cry, but diligently collect the fragments and have them set in gold for scarf-pins to be distributed among your friends. The "épingles vieux Saxe" is an æsthetic novelty not to be despised. Bric-à-brac dealers, here is a glorious opportunity to dispose of your cracked china.

THE strife of election being over, The New York World and The Springfield Republican,

"Instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fight the souls of fearful adversaries,"

now turn aside and caper nimbly to the æsthetic pleasing of a rug. "Persian patterns," says The World, "are based entirely upon geometrical forms,

as the Mohammedan religion strictly forbids the making of anything that resembles any form of nature on the plea of its tendency to idolatry." This is a very clear and positive statement. Unfortunately it is not true. The Springfield Republican knew that it was not, and kindly undertook to put The World right in the matter. This was very proper; for it is a serious matter for a newspaper with the large influence which one with such a comprehensive name must assuredly have, to spread misinformation in such a careless fashion. But The World, "though vanquished, could argue still," and replied in a powerful article, a column and a half long, crammed full of oriental erudition, and freely sprinkled with such personal expressions of regard as "esteemed contemporary," "childish," "ridiculously false," and "disingenuous."

Of course, Persian patterns are not "based entirely upon geometrical forms," as The World writer would have remembered had he considered for a moment. It is true that there is a Mohammedan prohibition against the making of "graven images," and I have seen in the South Kensington Museum Persian brasses more than six hundred years old covered with human figures, with the faces left blank in obedience to this prohibition.

But the prohibition applied to the human form only, and even to that extent it is more honored in the breach than in the observance, as any one at all familiar with Persian art ought to know. We frequently see its circumvention in the representation of such queer objects as a man with the head of a bird, or perhaps a bird with the head of a man. But flowers and figures of men and animals, without regard to religious prohibitions of any kind, are often found on Persian fabrics. At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, Persian carpets of various kinds were shown on which animals were accurately depicted. Flowers are the very foundation of Persian design, the rose, Indian pink, hyacinth, and tulip being met with in almost every kind of decoration. The World writer is very much at sea. If any doubt of the fact lingers in his mind, let him drop in some day on Mr. Bouton, the bookseller, and turn over the leaves of Racinet's "Polychrome Decoration" or Owen Jones' "Grammar of Ornament." He will find in these standard authorities such abundant confirmation of all I have said that I am sure he will never repeat his extraordinary assertion that "Persian patterns are based entirely upon geometrical forms."

THE Era Almanac, published about Christmas time in London, contains several pages of reproductions of pen-and-ink sketches by popular actors and actresses. Two or three of the contributors show considerable talent, but as for the rest—well, I am sorry for their managers if they succeed in "drawing" no better for them. Genevieve Ward has a queer little allegorical picture labelled "No Rose Without a Thorn," a title quite incomprehensible to the uninitiated so far as the artist's intention is concerned, but, as it turns out, amusingly prophetic, in view of the subsequent success of Miss Coghlan at Wallack's in Miss Ward's favorite rôle of "Forget-Me-Not," and the attendant lawsuit.

THE New York Society of Decorative Art offers \$1000 in prizes for art needlework designs, to be exhibited next May at the American Art Gallery in Twenty-third Street. Individual prizes amounting to three hundred dollars are also offered, making a handsome total to be competed for by those who have artistic talent to expend upon embroidery. The Society of Decorative Art has done excellent service in promoting art needlework, and we doubt not that this competition will be fruitful of good results.

AMERICAN art students who can call to mind the picturesque old Campanile of Santa Ternita at Venice will hear with sorrow that that favorite study can never more be seen. One day last month, after cracking and groaning for some hours—a warning of which the inhabitants of the tower itself and the neighboring houses made haste to avail themselves—the ancient building fell in—a mass of ruins. The old Campanile dated from the eleventh century.

MR. ALFRED HUNT has been visiting the originals of Turner's sketches in Yorkshire. He says that the sketches are very truthful. Contrary to what he has heard artists remark as their experience, he did not find the least difficulty in spotting the point where Turner began his sketch and which he kept as the base of operations. There is hardly a detail in the work of the great artist for which authority could not be found even now on the spot.

IN the brilliant February number of "Scribner," Mr. John Lafarge receives unstinted eulogy in an article by George Parsons Lathrop, in which illustrations are given of "The Triumph of Love," his admirable designs for the memorial windows at Harvard—"Epaminondas" and "Sir Philip Sydney"—and his less satisfactory cartoon for "The Three Marys," at St. Thomas' Church. Robert Blum does much excellent work for the number, and Mr. Lungren, his faithful disciple, and collaborateur in the fascinating sketch, "An Old Virginia Town," is not far behind him. These clever young artists of "Scribner's" in more than one regard have their counterparts in Messrs. Abbey and Pyle of "Harper's." One would not be surprised if any one of them or all four of them should one day do great things. Those illustrations of Mr. Matthews' interesting paper on "Foreign Actors on the American Stage" are best which are made independently of photographs. The portrait of Ristori as "Mary Stuart" certainly has little to commend it as a work of art.

AN article in Harper's Magazine for February on "American Pottery" is remarkable for its omissions. While space and illustration are given to the Haviland Presidential dinner service, which was neither made nor decorated in this country, there is not the slightest mention of the artistic and original work of J. & J. G. Low, which has lately won prizes even in England. Charles Volkmar's admirable Limoges faience, as well as that of Miss McLaughlin and her associates of the Cincinnati school, is wholly ignored, as is also John Bennett's underglaze work, some of which is equal to the best of the kind done at the Doulton works, where for many years he practised the ceramic art. The article, indeed, contains little else than a description of the Trenton potteries, which, while interesting enough, is commonplace, and might have been written of almost any English pottery with equal propriety. It is certainly unfortunate that, just now, when Harper's Magazine is winning its way to a large and appreciative circulation in England, such an important branch of art industry in this country should be so inadequately represented.

EXCEPTING in regard to this article on Pottery, "Harper's" for February is a valuable number. "The Gospel History in Italian Painting," by Henry J. Vandyke, Jr., is cleverly written and well illustrated. There is no falling off in the excellence of the illustrations of Mr. Conway's descriptions of the English lakes, and Boston may well be proud of the treatment it receives at the hands of Mr. George P. Lathrop and the accomplished artists who make his letter-press fairly alive with portraiture and local color.

"HANG me, or I'll shoot you," is an Irish motto for a picture exhibition, suggested by that clever little journal, The Artist.

An esteemed San Francisco correspondent pathetically implores me to deny the story that a financial magnate of that city lately obtained damages in a California court in a suit against a railroad company for injury done to a copy of the Venus of Milo, which arrived in San Francisco without the arms, these being innocently supposed by plaintiff, defendant, judge, and jury to have been broken off during the journey. I must refuse this request. The story is too good to spoil. If it is not true it ought to be, for nothing could more happily suggest the apathetic ignorance of art which even my correspondent acknowledges to be characteristic of the San Franciscans. A community that allows so good a school of design as that directed by Mr. Virgil Williams to totter on the brink of destruction for lack of the paltry sum of \$2000 is capable of any art absurdity.

MONTEZUMA.

The Art Gallery

EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.



ITS fourteenth annual exhibition places the Water-color Society far in advance of its previous station in the arts, and at a broad interval from even its triumphant position of last year. Upward of seven hundred works

are now arranged for examination, necessitating a careful and painful labor on the part of the hanging committee, who have done their work in a liberal and unprejudiced spirit, with a hospitable temper toward every kind and theory of painting. The contributions first selected having filled the available rooms to repletion, the committee at the last moment have added a series of pictures arranged beneath the dado, tipped forward from the bottom so as to make them quite as conspicuous as those on the eye-line. A liberal and brilliant decoration of rare plants gives a festival air to the vestibule and broad stairway, while other vegetable curiosities are placed in the centres of the rooms, in rare Japanese vases spared from the fine collections of one of the members, Mr. Samuel Colman. This gentleman also lends a quantity of brilliant draperies and fabrics to form a sort of bower around the principal door of entrance—that into the north gallery at the head of the stairway—where they form a glittering preparation for the wonders of color within. Small plaques of high antiquity and sparkling iridescence are studded over these stretched panels, so that the old ample doorway is framed in a spandrel of the most delicate colors and bewitching though unobtrusive ornamentation. The spaces behind the pictures are stretched throughout with a plain light-tinted stuff, as heretofore, so that the accidental intervals seen now and then between the frames do not shock the eye by revealing the dark color of the walls. In arrangement and ornament, therefore, the exhibition is a model of chaste and unobtrusive good taste.

The drawings range from the old-fashioned highly-finished, carefully-stippled anecdote-pictures of earlier schools to the most daring "impressionism" of Munich, Italy, and Spain—this impressionism being contributed by American artists studying in those localities. Even the painters of "scandales" are welcomed, and their works conspicuously hung, to affront the rule-and-line gentility of academic pictures immediately adjacent. On the last day permitted for the reception of the drawings, a great batch of Mr. Currier's most highly-emphasized studies arrived from Germany, to the address of one of his friends in this city. The whole budget was instantly taken to an accommodating framemaker, who stopped the operations of his workshop to knock up a set of frames for the occasion, and the contribution in its entirety was admitted by the Society, many hours after the closing of the doors. These enigmatic pictures by Currier form the key-note of audacity for the whole exhibition, for good or ill. Whether right or not in themselves, they manage to put many of the most careful works beside them distinctly in the wrong. By expressing the full passion and delight of a color-impression derived straight from Nature, with no time allowed for the cooling

off of the sentiment into definition and calculation, these drawings, warm and loyal as strains of music, tell their story as musical notes do, in vibrations and sympathies, not in words or outlines. In looking at the finished pictures beside them we are made to feel that these latter are inevitably faulty in not conveying the full breadth and sweetness of natural tones of color, however correct they may be in the mere precision and definition of design. One of Mr. Currier's largest cartoons represents a large gray tree-trunk, relieved against an indefinite mass of warm forest green. The texture of bark, the corrugations and knots, are rather understood than expressed; but the delight of a sud-

the whole tender repose of that integument of the tree which has done living, and which renounces color and movement to hang its broad scarf of gray skin, like a snake's cast silk stocking, amid the fluttering and self-asserting liveliness of the leaves—this little poem of the forest is most feelingly set down by Mr. Currier's mysterious drawing, which might mean almost anything; which might be hung sideways or inverted without hurting it in the least, and which, whether taken for what it is or for a rock-study, or a sea-study, would still carry the same kind of decorative beauty of gray tenderness, making its softness emphatic in the midst of loud assertion. Other studies by the same hand represent fiery twilights stretching over inky moorlands, or tumbling cataracts of cloud torn by the winds above lonely heaths. The most definite and comprehensible is placed in what is known as the sculpture-room, and represents a knoll crested with plumes of trees and tree-trunks, under one of the artist's tormented and visionary skies. The whole fluttering covey of sheets from Mr. Currier's revolutionary studio is well worth having. The rudest of them forms a splendid decorative example, by which our Cottiers and Marcottes might advantageously test the tones of their rich stuffs of subdued iridescence. Mr. Currier has a perfect right to carry the most audacious of his experiments to the academic painter, and say, "Nature shows these values, these contrasts, these color motives; Nature is richer than my most gorgeous combinations, or than the windows of cathedrals; unless you can get these suffused hues in addition to your fine scholastic perfection of drawing, you falsify Nature." That is all very well; but it must be objected to Mr. Currier and his kind that Nature has nicety of drawing too, which she includes within her color-effects without torment but with perfect serenity; and that art is not perfectly equipped until she can show these luxuries of color on a basis of well-considered, easy, practised, scholarly design.

As luck would have it, Mr. Winslow Homer was ready, in New York, to cap verses with Mr. Currier in Munich, having spent much of the last season in preparing a set of pure impressions, many of them made by imperfect light after sunset, and largely in the nature of guesses, but invaluable for sincerity and directness. They are seen studded over the walls here and there, recognizable by an absence of margin in the mounting, and by a singularly ugly series of provincial-looking granulated frames. One of them hangs near Currier's tree-trunk—a sky banded with twilight and interrupted by square gray ghost-like sails, while underneath, the water, strongly rippled with tide, catches the fiery light of an opening in the sunset, and flutters with quick flames of fire amid network and ribbons of reflected darkness. A larger one by Homer, in the corridor, repeats this motive of quickly moving water, sails, and fiery sky: the whole breadth of the running tide is interlaced and lashed with snaky lines of blackness alternating with strong color, conveying in marvellous degree the feeling of luminous moving water tortured with the whips of advancing night.

Mr. C. H. Miller, too, is ambitious to record his uncontaminated impressions, unspoiled by academic tradition and the measuring-rule of the drawing-master. His studies this year, however, are singularly dishevelled and uncertain; yet there is positive merit in his 285, which seems to say to the "intransigentes," like the Arcadian shepherd, "Et in Arcadiâ Ego!" It is the embarrassed work of a new convert, lately arrived in the country of unsophisticated intentions, and surprised to find himself there; yet the glit-



37.—THE TOWER OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE. 24 x 36. SAMUEL COLMAN.

den revelation in the woods is all there; we feel that a poetic eye, coming suddenly among the hot, sharp self-assertion of the leaves upon a broad, soft gray interval



14.—THE SPANISH GYPSY. 12 x 46. WALTER SATTERLEE.

of mouldy bark, has recorded the decorative impression made by this object; the velvet texture, the repose conveyed to the eye by this broad interval of no-color,

tering, fluctuating vision of mill and cattle is set down with emotion and sincerity, brilliant in vibrational light and pure in fidelity.

After faithfully studying Mr. Currier's disquieting apocalypse, one is the better prepared to comprehend Mr. Chase's method of dealing with the human figure (243). This study of a maiden in black fashionable hat and furs seems to hold up a challenge to the Italian damsel of Tofano (215). Both are modelled with breadth and energy, but the American work is more obviously masculine or muscular; the sitter is seized in a grip of iron; the face is an admirable expression of flesh, in parts, though not consistently treated from top to base; the hat and furs are masterpieces of broad sketching, giving at a little distance all the rich look of fibre and feather, while they are almost without detail, and indeed make their effect less by their own broad ink-wash than by the artful relief of bright gold-colored background.

334.—THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION. 14 X 20. T. DE THULSTRUP.

Among these works, which occupy an intermediate place between the uncompromising directness of pure impressionism and the explanatory care of high finish, perhaps the best are the Venice sketches of Mr. Blum—strange, bewitching compounds of Japanese painting and Fortuny painting. None of the water-color artists controls a brush of more delicate, Ariel-like obedience. The stained, mouldering walls of Venice, half amalgamated with the stagnant waters into which they crumble, are rendered with poetic and penetrating charm. His largest picture (349) shows a black archway near one of the altar-like wells of a Venetian piazza, with artisanne girls in picturesque attire stringing or threading rows of beads.

The treatment of the ancient plaster, in blotted color on wet paper, is delicious, and the gay robes of the workwomen give him a bouquet of butterfly, Fortuny-like tints. In other pictures he washes the foreground with tremulous breadths of impalpable sea-tides, seemingly sliding and dissolving over his cartoon; here a group of naked urchins prepares to bathe on the shelving Lido shore; here (763) three gondolas meet at a black arched doorway, connected with a trinity of window-arches, whose black reflection trembles down far into the unfathomed water-street. Other gondolas, other black lines of reflection through limpid and etherealized water, other dissolving walls of unsubstantial shadowiness, are found in his



62.—SHUT THE DOOR. 12 X 18. THOS. WORTH.

remaining pictures. Any one of these delicate records is a treasure, in which a most evanescent hint of dreamy beauty is fixed and made a permanent possession.

Like the Carracci, the Bassanos, or any of the painting families of the Renaissance, the Moran family communicates the tradition of art from torch to torch, from influence to influence. No less than nine of the name



642.—OLD CIDER-MILL. 14 X 19. H. VAN INGEN.

are known as exhibitors: the three eldest brothers, with their wives, making six, the sons of Mr. Edward Moran making eight, and Mr. John Moran making nine, while we reach eleven if we count the husband and son of their sister, Mrs. Ferris. Mr. Peter Moran contributes to this exhibition his fine and careful "Moqui Traders," illustrated by us last month in the article on the Philadelphia Artists' display. Mr. Edward Moran has of



59.—"WHERE ARE THEY GONE?" 16 X 25. H. SANDHAM.

late been much occupied with studies of the human figure, in treating which he takes a line emulative of Vollon's "Femme du Pollet," or Breton's "Glaneuse." He spares for this exhibition a sea-side fishing maiden, in a leaning attitude, surprisingly good when we consider that she is the offspring of a marine painter only recently studious of the figure. Mr. Thomas Moran has a large, highly-finished composition showing the



183.—A NAPPANOCK PASTORAL. 11 X 16. A. PARTON.

lighthouse, the ponds, the hills, and the distant sea of Montauk-Point; at the fresh-water pools a mounted Indian herdsman, sole vestige of the old red kings of Long Island, drives to water the cattle which inherited right gives him the privilege of rearing. His wife contributes a number of delicate pages, English and Turneresque in feeling, and astonishing here and there for subtlety and refinement of treatment.

The illustrations to this article are selected on the theory of merit as illustrations, and in their own right, rather than as representing in all cases the strongest originals. As an initial is placed the beautiful cartouche prepared by Mr. Alfred Fredericks as the badge of the Society, and representing Art borrowing the mirror of Truth. No. 1 in the catalogue, by Mr. De Luce, represents a village belle consulting the old clock on the stairs, as she opens a hall-door decorated with the tutelary horse-shoe. Mr. C. M. Dewey shows a farmer's daughter gracefully carrying her sheaf of cornstalks through the fields. Mr. Hitchcock displays a coast-scene, with figures in the shoal-water and fishing-boats approaching from the surf.



278.—THE FORGOTTEN STRAIN. 13 X 18. N. S. JACOBS.

Mr. Thomas Worth's "Shut the Door" shows the miser feeding by dribbles his little stove, and jealous of every draught of air. Carroll Beckwith's "Flight into Egypt," half an illumination and half a picture, with real gold halo in a realistic landscape, is certainly graceful, tranquil, and classic, if a little empty. Satterlee's "After the Foray" shows a handsome young swashbuckler lying and smoking among the trophies of his raid. S. Colman's "Campanile of St. Mark's," renouncing his old experiments of body-color, reveals in fine transparent washes the wedge-like bell-tower and the painted Venetian sails. Hovenden's old stocking-footed peasant is a faithful, graphic study. Symington's fair damsel playing with a skye terrier shows the constant advance in art made by this tasteful amateur. "Piroska" is a decorative female, seen as to her head alone, by May-

nard, a charming wall-flower for any collector's parlor. "The Letter of Introduction," by Thulstrup, with tart old marquis and cringing candidate, does not get beyond the limits of an illustration, the Louis-Fourteenth background being picked out in white and gold so conspicuously as to interfere with the value of the figures. "The Forgotten Strain," by N. S. Jacobs, shows a fair maiden communing with her guitar. Arthur Parton shows a "Nappanock Pastoral," an idyl of sheep and trees; and (in No. 568) an interesting reminiscence of the late canal-trip of the Artists' Fund Society. 4.—PASTORAL. CHAS. M. DEWEY. The veteran Mr. Cropsey has a sunny, brilliant lake effect (we hardly like to venture on the Indian name) in the north-west room, in which all his old culture and delicate taste is perpetuated. J. Smillie's "Mariner's Well" is a beau-



tiful and skilful study, by a master of every kind of manipulation. G. H. Smillie's hillside, with spreading trees and river-glimpse, is positive, artistic, and singularly well composed. Quartley's numerous contributions show an oil-painter's wish to get his old familiar effects in a water medium. No. 672 is his best—broad, simple, untortured, relieved with occasional flashes of the sparse white buildings among the trees, and carried off into pleasant liquidation by the unsubstantial water-effect in front. It almost vies with Reinhart's exquisite Cicéri-like river path, No. 430, sent from Paris. Quartley's illustrated subject, with boat and clam-gatherers at low tide in a wash of yeasty water, is well composed and luminous; but the human figure as yet does not completely yield to Mr. Quartley's pressing desires for acquaintance. "April May-flowers" is one of Champney's pretty child-topics. Dielman has a better one, however, in a pair of uncommonly pretty children driving a stationary cart with immense enthusiasm, in a garden-scene. "An Old Cider-Mill," by Van Ingen, is a quaint and decorative type. Mr. Nicoll's large Block Island view is full of conscience, truth, beauty; its vacancies of white paper are managed with all the richness of impasto, and well define the thick and creamy foam; but his gem this year is the little effect of mackerel clouds, hung in the corridor. The careful study of "Mount Washington" is by Mr. Granville Perkins, an illustrator and designer of great experience and profound knowledge of effective composition. Shelton's "Duck Pond," Hind's "Ischia," Van Elten's "Tannery," De Haas' luminous marine, and the aqueduct and steep-roofed houses of one of our old-world illustrations, as well as the turmoil of sea-fighting in another, require no special remark.

Mr. Volkmar's study of ducks, with a skilful attention to decorative effect, combines the accuracy of a faithful study from nature. The "Interior of Trinity Church," by Mr. Hawley, a painter of British origin we believe, is a studious and finished tribute to the occasional beauty of American architecture, quite beyond the patience of most native practitioners, and a revelation of the sumptuous and dramatic effects which it is not necessary to seek the European continent to find.

EDWARD STRAHAN.



486.—APRIL MAY-FLOWERS. 12 X 19. J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

American Art Galleries.

VIII.

COLLECTION OF WILLIAM T. WALTERS, ESQ.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

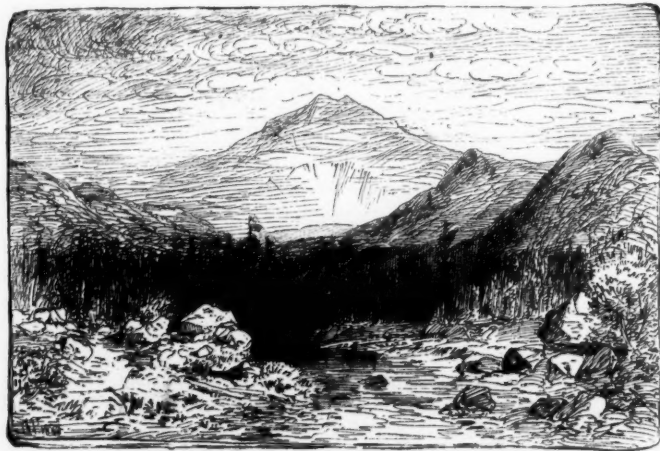
BRUSHING by a quantity of pictures that importune to be noticed—past Vibert's "Gulliver Bound," a crowded epigrammatic mass of character-studies; and Boughton's "Waning of the Honeymoon," a sort of mathematical calculation of divergence of temper, and a subject well known from a favorite etching; and Villegas' "Slipper Shop," a glitter of Eastern iridescence; and Van Marcke's "Study from Nature," a surprising bit of texture representing a bank of grass; and Tissot's "Marguerite at the Well," a figure tranquil, melancholy, and primitive like a Madonna of

Holbein's; and Alma-Tadema's "Sappho" and "Sister is not at Home"—we come at length to the conspicuous canvas posted at the end of the gallery,



203.—THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. 9 X 11. J. C. BECKWITH.

the "Hémicycle" of Paul Delaroche. Out of a hundred and twenty framed pictures, this noble composition holds its grouped heads far above the rest and domi-



58.—MT. WASHINGTON. 16 X 26. GRANVILLE PERKINS.

nates the collection like the strain of a musical instrument heard among the noises of a crowd.

The "Hémicycle," a composition painted by Paul Delaroche in 1837-41, to decorate the semicircular lecture-room of the Beaux-Arts school in Paris, is represented in the Walters collection by a replica finished by the hand of the artist, and corresponding in size with the ample engraving by Henriquel Dupont. It consists of a long frieze or succession of figures representing the artists of all ages and countries, their portraits somewhat ennobled and idealized as befits their present glorified immortality, but always recognizable and based upon historic art-documents. In order to assemble his straying types together, the artist imagines a meeting in the halls of Elysium, partly for judgment, partly for lofty discussion and the resolution of moot questions. The three intelligences whence art started on its divers paths of painting, sculpture, and architec-



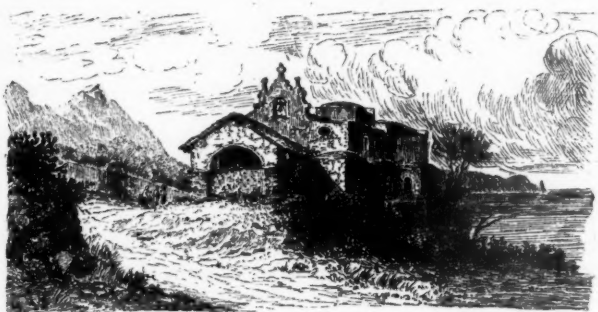
146.—FISHING-BOATS OFF THE COAST. 11 X 19. M. F. H. DE HAAS.

ture—the intelligences of Apelles, Phidias, and Ictinus—are enthroned in the midst in a Greek Lesche or portico, and beside these exalted figures, while Fame prepares to throw her wreaths toward the coming com-

petitors of present times, the artists of the past group themselves in tranquil bands, the grand colorists and the sculptors nearer to Phidias, the architects close to the Parthenon-architect Ictinus, while on his side also are ranged the painters who worked rather as collaborators with architects than as colorists—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo, and Fra Angelico. Besides the ideal figures of the Greek art-trinity, four more spiritualized figures assist at the supposed judgment, from their places beneath the portico—women-forms representing Greek art, Roman art, Gothic art, and the art of the old masters. The scheme is simple and immediately decipherable—the three classic masters of the arts, throned in peace, and looking calmly out as if in pity of the struggles of modern aspirants; their attendants, the four chief epochs of art production; Fame beneath, poising a wreath for the brows of the worthiest; and, stretching out on either side the Ionic portico, so as to form two broad wings for the composition, the grave, calm painters and builders and carvers, imperturbable in the enjoyment of their immortality. But a good scheme might easily have been ruined by false taste in the execution. It was the glory of Delaroche to have invented these attitudes of perfect

taste in the frenzied epoch of Delacroix and the "romantiques," to have perpetuated this calm ideal of portraiture in the most Philistine moment of Louis Philippe; to have woven his composition of classic elegance at the time when the modern ceilings of the Louvre were being drenched with inanity by Cogniet, Picot, Heim, Schnetz, and Vernet. The riches of color and shadow, such as Delacroix might have conferred, are not here; Delaroche would have violently rejected such temptations, believing that to cut black holes of shade in his architect's wall would have been an injury to its structural strength. Basing himself upon such relics of antiquity as the friezes and metopes of the Parthenon, as these may have looked when colored, he prepared a composition which, decoratively considered, resembles an embossment of the upright wall of the room, assisting too by its fixed columnar standing figures the apparent sup-

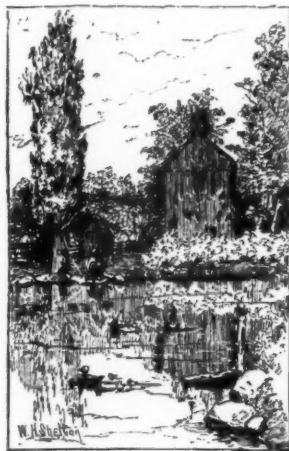
porting power of the architecture. No very heavy shades or deep colors are admitted; the flatness and continuity of the surface is nowhere contradicted.



729.—ISLAND OF ISCHIA. 11 X 18. J. F. HIND.

The students who repair to the gorgeous little lecture-room of the Beaux-Arts to receive prizes, or listen, as I have often done, to the wise discourses of Taine or Heuzeu, see, then, the great dead artists collected around them in half-circle, rather larger than life, in a mood of exquisite contentment and tranquillity, conversing and disputing, yet covered with a uniting atmosphere of happiness. Leonardo sits explaining the principles of design to Raphael, with Fra Bartolommeo and Fra Angelico standing by, Michael Angelo sitting morosely apart on a block of carved stone. Poussin, the French Raphael, stands not far off. These were the great masters of composition, who reduced art almost to the level of a science, and they are appropriately thrown together. But where are the hot and stormy spirits who invented chiaroscuro and the raptures of color, the real rhapsodists of art? Where are Rembrandt, and Titian, and Correggio and Velasquez, and Rubens? These innovators are grouped together, as far as possible from the classicists, cohering by the natural selection of like for like. Titian stands like a Venetian doge, and Rembrandt, his sturdy shortness dissimulated by artful shadows and supports, faces him

without fear, while Rubens sits and listens to the Venetian theory of color. The line of sculptors, furnished forth as it is with all the great practitioners from John of Pisa to Cellini and Puget, strikes one rather for absence than for opulence of world-famous names. When Michael Angelo is mentioned, what sculptor's name is left in modern art to compete in glory with the greater painters? The really supreme portraits for a gallery of sculptors are fabulous ones, and the grave has closed on the secret of the individuality of Praxiteles and Scopas and Myron. Delaroche, occupied with Christian times alone, has to distribute his immortality among the hardly-to-be-called living names of Bontemps, and Pilon, and Majano, and Puget. The architects, too, are subordinate in interest to the painters; but he has made grand, compact, solid existences out of the builders of Notre Dame and the Strasburg Dom, and of the florid creators of renaissance beauty, Palladio and Sansovino. Among all the seventy-five human figures, representing every temperament and all the ages and developments of manhood, not a figure is ungraceful or inharmonious. The drawing, the device and treatment of drapery, the association of divergent periods of costume, are carried to a pitch of ingenuity never before reached in a similar composition. How noble are the draperies of Leonardo da Vinci, sitting as a patriarch in his velvets and silks; how perfect is John van Eyck, introduced as the inventor of oil-painting, in his flowered brocade of Utrecht, wrapped



2.—THE DUCK POND. 11 X 17.
W. H. SHELTON.

around him like the brodered robes of his own saints; how nobly fall the narrow robe of Titian and the ascetic frock of Angelico! How supremely is familiarity introduced into the posture, without a shade of vulgarity, as in Mansard clasping his crossed knees, Caravaggio holding his chin in his fingers, Goujon bending one knee gracefully on the seat by

which he stands! The portraits are nearly all most satisfactory, being elevated without falsification, noble without flattery. The "Hémicycle" is such a study of renaissance manners and dresses as a Greek artist might make if resuscitated for the task. The replica in the Walters gallery dates from the year 1855, when, the large original picture having long been stretched in place—and rescued, by the by, with difficulty and not without defacement from a fire—it became necessary to prepare for the contemplated engraving a duplicate stamped with the authentic force of the master. He went to the School, and remained there, says De Mirecourt, three weeks at work on the smaller canvas. "It was in the midst of winter, and impossible to sufficiently heat the room, and the porter of the Beaux-Arts School used to wrap up Delaroche in woollen coverlets." The sensation caused in Paris by the revelation of the original canvas in the room was great, only marred by the fact that Delaroche, for the very purpose of its preparation, had withdrawn himself for nearly five years from the easily-forgetting Parisians. The elder Dumas has a passage describing its unveiling. After the five years' eclipse of his name—"Delaroche? Delaroche?" people would say. "Well, he has finished his grand labor!" "What grand labor?" "Why, his 'Hémicycle!'" "Ah, and so there was a 'Hémicycle!'" "Yes!" "And where is it all?" "At the Beaux-Arts Palace." "Ah,

really?" "You ought to go." "Of course I shall go. That is, if I can find a moment!" Such was the comparative forgetfulness into which the artist had fallen, says Dumas, that hardly a thousand people gathered to see this immortal work, when five years before a new



202.—TWILIGHT. 17 X 28. HENRY FARRER.

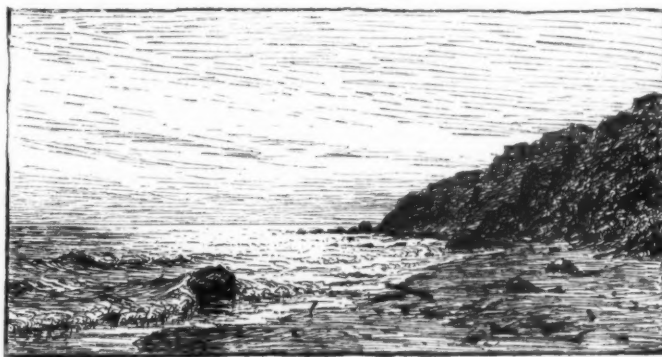
canvas by Delaroche would have caused a rush from the four quarters of Paris. Eighty thousand francs was the meagre honorarium put into Delaroche's hand. He paid a large sum to the engraver for extra care on his plate, feeling that his work was something for posterity, and that his grandest chance for fame would hang to



131.—"BEG!" 10 X 14. J. SYMINGTON.

that one engraving—in effect the greatest plate of modern times.

Thackeray's "Paris Sketchbook" has a little thumbnail sketch of Delaroche at work on the "Hémicycle" which seems to bring him very close to the eye. The not-yet genius remarks at the period before "Vanity



339.—AFTERNOON AT BLOCK ISLAND. 16 X 30. J. C. NICOLL.

Fair" and "Pendennis." "He is at present occupied with a vast work at the Beaux-Arts, where the writer of this had the honor of seeing him—a little, keen-looking man, some five feet in height. He wore, on this important occasion, a bandana round his head, and

was in the act of smoking a cigar." Whether English eyes, as then, contemplate the "Hémicycle" picture, or American ones, as now, in one of the richest of our national galleries, it must be admitted that the palm for a thoroughly dignified historical art-motif in this century must be awarded, for this picture, to France. CICERONE.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW HUNT AND RIMMER ARE MISSED—GLANCES AT THE MUSEUM—COURBET'S "LA CURÉE"—MILLET'S PICTURES IN BOSTON—AMERICAN SUBJECTS FOR AMERICAN ARTISTS—"THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS."

BOSTON, January 18, 1881.

ART in Boston wears at present a discouraged look. Not that there has been any fresh disaster, the deaths in the family took place last year in the loss of Hunt and Rimmer; but always after the period of decent mourning comes the real appreciation of a loss, and of the difference created by such events. We are in fact beginning to realize how much life and vitality went out of the art of this city with that brave, gay spirit, William Hunt, the slayer of Philistines, the champion of the friendless, the strong-tower and the apology at once of the whole tribe of would-be artists. Dr. Rimmer's influence was less positive, but his learning and genius gave art-teaching here a prestige and art-study a promise that nothing at present quite supplies the lack of. The upper ranks of painters could point to Hunt's success, artistic, social, and pecuniary, as the warrant for high pretensions, and the whole community of art-workers felt that any effort was proved worth while by his achievements. Dr. Rimmer gave undoubted distinction to the Art Museum school, whatever may have been the practical deficiencies in his methods of teaching. The school is as good as ever in actual work, no doubt, but no commanding character appears in its "personnel." The artist fraternity is composed of nearly the same workers, but its visible head is gone, and the ablest and most independent of them would admit that every interest suffers in the absence of the artist whom all, of whatever school or degree, equally looked up to, and from whom all received the ready word of encouragement for whatever was genuine in his work.

The Art Museum is still in a somewhat disordered condition, the rearrangement of its materials since the exhibition of contemporary American art not having been completed. The room of porcelain ware, Oriental metal-work, and Chinese curios is closed for repairs to the building. The room for architectural casts has at last received its most commanding feature, the portico of caryatides in imitation of the façade of a Greek temple. In this room also has been completed the reproduction of the "Angel Choir" of Lincoln Cathedral in England. The collection was already rich in bits of exquisite mediæval statuary from the same source, gargoyles and little images of saints and monks, some of them of rare and racy quaintness. A number of Grecian urns and large-sized friezes are also set up here, and a doorway imitating in stucco the fine Arabic tracery of a Moorish portal of the Alhambra completes



245.—FROM MY WINDOW. 19 X 20.
GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

the extensive view of architectural ornament here offered.

One of the richest departments of the Museum collection (which is nothing if not comprehensive in its



1.—TIME FLIES. 12 X 22.

scope) is that of stuffs and fabrics. In this department the Japanese cases outshine all others; the marvellous magnificence of their embroidery and silks, the fantastic foulards, the splendor of their colors, the solid richness of taste not less elegant than original and various, are the wonder and delight of connoisseurs and the despair of manufacturers. I have already described at



387.—WAWAYANDA LAKE. 13 X 22. J. F. CROPSY.

some length the tapestries of this noble collection. The church vestments and embroideries are not less worthy of admiration. To the latter has recently been added a rich and beautiful piece of needlework by the Sisters of Saint Margrette, the Protestant—I beg pardon—the Episcopal sisterhood of this city. On a silken

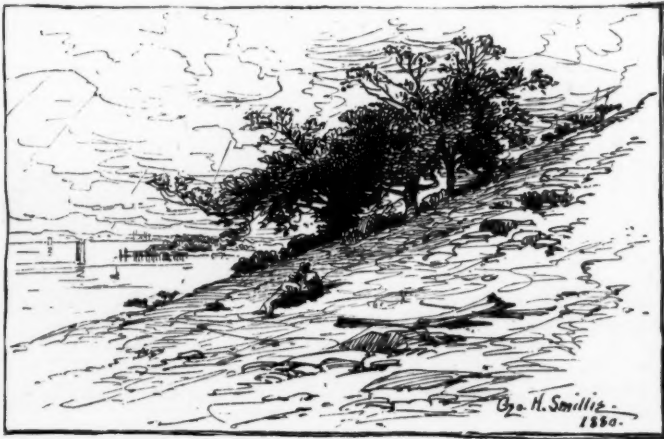
ground are embroidered quaint but tasteful forms of kneeling angels and "perpendicular saints" of the Fra Angelico pattern. But the selection of the colors—delicate blues and pinks and greens touched out with gold—is not less admirable than the chaste outlines of the figures. The great Courbet, "La Curée," which has been one of the principal pictures in the Art Museum for several years, has been removed by its owner for cleaning. In the thirty years of its existence it has received some twenty coats of varnish, which have dulled its color. It is now in the hands of a competent artist, under whose supervision this incubus will be rubbed off, and the original colors of the masterpiece be brought to view once more. This picture was brought to this country some twenty years ago and purchased by the Allston Club, now extinct. In fact, the club extinguished itself in that effort. The picture cost them twenty-five thousand francs, but it may be purchased by the French Government some day for more than that. Its subject is the end of a hunt in the deep shadow of a forest; the stag just killed has been hung up against the trunk of a tree; against a neighboring tree leans the leader of the hunt, while sitting near by a boy in red waistcoat winds the horn, summoning the hunters to the spot. Two of the dogs just coming up are sniffing fiercely at the lifeless prize. Between the massive trunks of the forest is seen the landscape beyond, in

the merest glimpses, but the surpassing strength and beauty of the light and distance upon the green fields is such that the whole is felt for all that. The drawing of the dogs and of the figures, the manipulation of the

hair and texture of the animals, the solidity of all the objects, above all the serious yet unctuous tone given by the deep shadows of the wood and the rich green of the landscape, combine to make this one of the most perfect pieces of painting in existence, rivalling even the greatest works of the old masters. The only drawback is the character of the subject; such mastery of handling and treatment

would have been worthy of the most elevated theme of poetic imagination. It would have been a pity, to be sure, to have wasted it on any academic allegorical conventionality. The frank choice of a picture appealing to the taste of his times, and illustrating the artist's own nature, is not an unworthy accompaniment for such work. But it would have been still more effective had it been expended on some subject allowing some play of sympathy, or at least of suggestion to the feelings. As it is, however, there is nothing for it but to be thankful for the mere existence of such perfection of art, and it is pleasant to see that the fortunate possessor of the great work so well understands its value and is determined to recover its full beauty.

The same gentleman is likewise the owner of a very important Millet, the quaint and homely "Tobias and Anna," the centre of which most characteristic composition is the broad back-view of the aged matron. She has run out of the house, it will be remembered, at the approach of her beloved and long-absent son, and has caught up her skirts, as she hastens down the yard, peering under one hand, so that the clumsy peasant shoes on her heavy feet are seen. The blind old father comes tumbling out after her, one hand grasping the door-post until his foot shall feel the next step beneath it, and with an evident pious cry of joy and thanksgiving on his lips. The very clumsiness and awkwardness of the figures, drawn in the most loving and most intimate sympathy, give the pathos of the scene. But this homeliness, so dear and so significant to the peasant painter, is too strong for the average picture-buyer and connoisseur. What was sweet and profound in import to the painter is ugly and disturbing, not to say repellant, to those who cannot enter into the spirit in which he painted. So far as the mere painting of it goes, the work has every value. Nothing in modern art better satisfies the standards of technique set by the



128.—NEAR PORTLAND, MAINE. 20 X 28. GEO. H. SMILLIE.

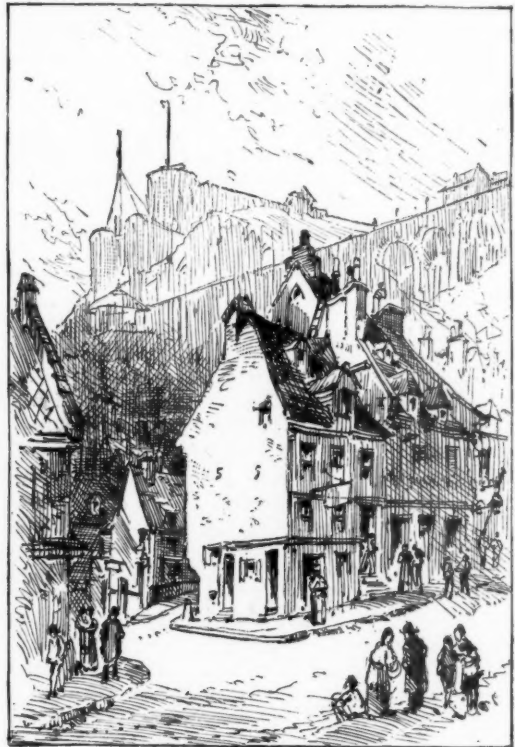
masters than these Millet canvases. The color is harmonized by the same principles that governed the Venetians, and the luminous shadow is as clear and satisfying. Moreover, the drawing is surpassingly per-

fect, proving the fullest knowledge and the most sensitive appreciation of line and form. The collection of Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of this city, which boasts a Tintoretto, two Paul Veroneses, and other Italian masters,



128.—A SUMMER HOLIDAY. 10 X 18. ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

contains nothing which the owner values above his great Millet (of about the same size as this Tobit, two yards long by one high), representing an old French-



296.—THE CITADEL. 9 X 13. CHAS. PARSONS.

man in his shirt-sleeves lifting the earth with a mattock, while his female helper drops the seed potatoes into the holes. The bright, strong light in which the old gardener stands and the apple-tree spreads its branches lets in summer sunshine like a third window at the end of the room and makes all the rest of the rich collection fade into labored artificialities. Mr. Shaw is the possessor of a score of Millet's paintings—including the "Sower"—many of them bought of the artist himself, and twice as many characteristic drawings by this Normandy Burns in art.

We are called upon to admire a painting by W. P. W. Dana, on exhibition here, just received from Europe, where it was painted on an order from Mr. Astor, of New York. The subject is the escape of the American frigate Constitution from the British fleet. The composition is large, but not particularly effective; the drawing of the ships is turgid and conventional, and the color monotonously dark, not to say dirty. However, it is an attempt to paint an American historical picture, in itself a rare and laudable thing for an American artist to do, which reminds me that a private letter from Mr. E. H. Blashfield, the Boston painter who has just returned from Paris to take a studio in New York, says that he has sworn off

from the Gérôme school style of Roman and classic topics which he has affected in the ambitious way inculcated by the surroundings of Paris student life, and has taken to American history for his material. I hear that he and Bridgman have happened once more to hit upon the same theme in looking about for an American



443.—PIROSKA. 7 x 12. GEO. W. MAYNARD.

subject. It is well that this should be understood beforehand.

The latest infliction here in the way of peripatetic paintings is the sensational "Shadow of the Cross," by Mr. Holman Hunt, that bold, vulgar piece of prosaic pre-Raphaelitism for which a moral showman in London paid \$50,000 and got his money back the first year. As you have seen its labored and petty realism—its crinkled shavings and its inch-by-inch copying of muscle and skin, its loud, discordant color, shrieking like a piccolo flute to the bass-drum of its religious subject, to draw in the rustic quarter-dollars—I need not trouble you with a description. What a disgrace to the art of England, and of the nineteenth century!

GRETA.

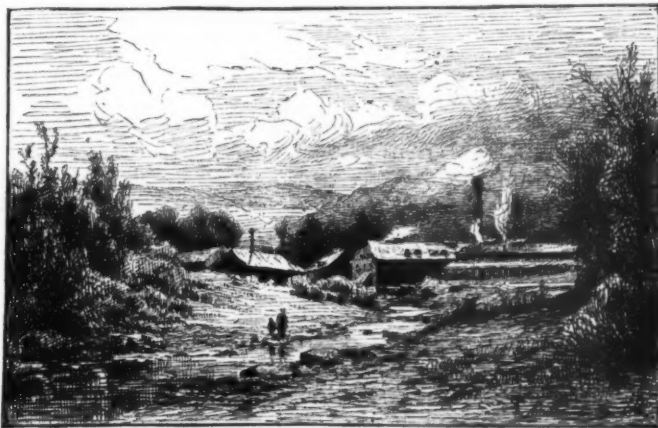
MODERN ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

THE following is from Mr. Holman Hunt's valuable remarks on artists' materials, with especial reference to the durability of the canvases in the London National Gallery:

The first paintings which claim our attention are naturally those by Hogarth. Thirty years ago they were as sound as when first put into their frames; the simple and honest character of the mode of painting adopted had kept them in excellent order. The painter, in parting with them to the purchaser, had begged that he himself only should be allowed to varnish them,

immediately below them, they were being treated like dishes rather than pictures. The "Bagnio Scene" is the most damaged, for serious cracks, threatening further movement, have revealed themselves, of a kind that seemed quite foreign to the character of the works. These, unless coming from some hidden use of asphaltum, traceable in no other indication, neither the painter nor his colorman are responsible for. The defects of Sir Joshua's pictures, beyond those already referred to, come from the use of cochineal lakes and carmines in the place of the sound kermes and madder lake, and of orpiment in flesh instead of the eternal Naples yellow, which all the old masters used with such perfect success. A lavish use of wax on an unsuitable ground was, perhaps, a further cause of evil. One valuable picture, the portrait of Dr. Johnson, worthy to compare with any portrait of manly character in the whole collection, is, except in a certain lowering of the whites, in admirable state.

There are two works by Sir T. Lawrence which illustrate a consideration of great importance that has never received due attention in our time, and that is the difference of durability of a painting on a good or a bad cloth. The portrait of Mrs. Siddons is on a flimsy material that would scarcely suit for even a small painting, and so the whole canvas is mapped out into seams, dividing all the work as though it were in preparation to turn it into a dissecting puzzle. The divisions which will every day become worse from the dilation and contraction of the canvas come from below, and not from above, and are proofs of want of wisdom in the choice of canvas. The portrait of B. West, on the other hand, is on a sturdy, firm cloth, and, except in one point, where, from a blow, the coat of paint has scaled off, the picture is entirely well preserved.



201.—THE TANNERY. 18 x 20. KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN.

I will now give you a list of pictures by Turner painted on bad canvas. "Richmond Hill" seamed in sky and water. (More here, because the white used has made the body like porcelain, the pigments used for the deep colors from earths, etc., being more pliant.) "The Decline of Carthage," which is worse, from having been taken off its original strainer and made larger by six inches at the bottom, the painting, in the process, having probably been shaken and twisted by careless and ignorant work-people. "Orvieto," which is much cracked in parts where it is greatly loaded; "Heidelberg Castle," and "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," both seamed in ground, the latter, in addition to being mapped over in general lines, being cracked on the inner lines of the stretching-frame on both edges of the cross-piece, and also staved from blows given behind and from shaking, a very small proportion of which damage would have thus shown had the canvas been a stout one.

This will be at once understood by observing the pictures on good canvas. The "Dido" is one of these, which is sound except where asphaltum has been used. "The Calais Pier" and "The Shipwreck" are both on good sail-cloth, and they, being otherwise wisely painted, are as sound as when first put aside; "The Tenth

Plague" defies cavi, and the "Dido and Æneas" is only cracked in impasto from other causes, probably from too great haste in loading, for the "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," being on good canvas, is much loaded but not cracked.

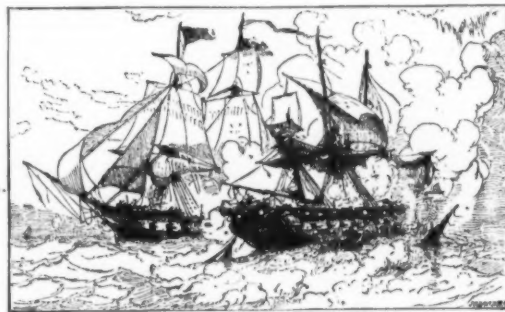


125.—THE PUZZLED VOTER. 14 x 16. F. HOVENDEN.

It will help us to see how important it is to have the ground as firm as possible if we look at works by the same master and of the same date on panel, which, in respect to unfluctuation, should be perfect. "Windsor," "St. Maur's," and "The Approach to Venice" are, while the wood is unsplit, in no danger of damage from below. Some of these are cracked in slight impasto, which raises the question whether the panel was duly seasoned.

I feel that the study of pictures of past days, for the mechanical science of painting, so soon brings one to the recognition of the importance of the choice of canvas that I will venture to interrupt my scrutiny of the Turners to point out that Rembrandt's painting of "Christ Blessing Little Children" is, for an old master, on exceptionally bad canvas, with diagonal lines of fracture that seem to be following lines of a large diaper pattern. Claude's "Isaac and Rebecca" is also damaged in ground; but the mischief may not be the result of a bad choice of canvas, only of the want of a panel-back to the cloth, and of carelessness—much too common in people who ought to know better—in the handling of the picture.

Some of Turner's pictures suggest other lessons. The "Hoar Frost" is cracked all over in the sky, and is re-opening in lines once filled up. The evil is very like one which has come to a sky of a picture which, thirty-four years ago, I, by mistake, painted with salad oil, and which, three weeks afterward, to expedite its drying, I touched into with the medium called megilp.



301.—THE "GUERRIERE" AND THE "CONSTITUTION." 36 x 24. J. O. DAVIDSON.

AN excellent opportunity is afforded book-illustrators by Mr. Henry K. Van Sicken, of 95 Fifth Avenue, to enhance the value of Mrs. Lamb's recently completed "History of the City of New York," by inserting therein Mrs. Eliza Greatorex's well-known etchings of "Old Landmarks of New York." There are sixty plates, each of which has a special value for the purpose indicated.



463.—MARINER'S WELL. 18 x 21. JAMES D. SMILLIE.

when this was wanted; so it is certain that he took all pains in their execution to guard them from danger. Unfortunately, about twenty years since, they had to be removed to Marlborough House and to South Kensington, where, with hot air blown over the surfaces of the pictures from pipes since changed, but then placed

The Print Collector.

"L'ART" AND ITS ETCHINGS.

AMONG the usual profusion of etchings in a quarterly part of "L'Art," there are in the latest volume, which we have received from Mr. J. W. Bouton, the New York agent, two or three of extraordinary merit, each of which is well worth the price of the whole book. One of these is the brilliant rendering by Waltner of Troyon's "L'Abreuvoir." There are two cows at a drinking-trough, some chickens in the foreground, and a dog in the middle-distance. These simple elements make up the picture. But what power, consummate knowledge, and technical skill are shown in the rendering! Waltner used to be a steel engraver, which one would hardly suppose, judging from the unusual freedom and breadth of execution characteristic of his work as an etcher. He has been on the staff of "L'Art" for a long time; but it appears that he will be so no more; for the editor angrily complains that he does not fulfil his engagements. Waltner, he says, was to have etched for "L'Art" the chefs d'œuvres of Mr. Jules van Praet's entire collection of paintings, and he has done only this one. The reason assigned for this alleged neglect is that he is using his talents now only for money, and not for art, which apparently means that he finds he can do better for himself pecuniarily by working for English publications than by working for "L'Art." However this may be, our contemporary, we think, shows rather bad taste in losing its temper in the matter, which is one more of personal than of public interest. Mr. Waltner, whether he employs his needle for England or for France, is without doubt one of the most accomplished etchers of the day.

Chauvel, who works in much the same style as Waltner, and is almost as strong, gives us an interesting Troyon—quite out of that master's usual vein—a wonderful moonlight effect at sea. The original picture was painted by Troyon upon a window-shutter at the house of his friend, Alphonse Karr, at Sainte Adresse, near Havre. Chauvel is a "peintre-graveur," and in addition to his Troyon, gives a landscape of his own, notable particularly for its marvellously beautiful cloud forms.

Gaucherel gives an excellent etching after the painting, "Bibliothèque de Subiaco," by the eccentric Austrian Ethofer, one of whose fancies is to wear the garb of a Capucine monk. The picture shows two priests examining ancient manuscripts. Both figures are powerfully drawn.

The ducal palace at Venice, by J. R. P. Litoux, is good in color, and is interesting from an architectural point of view.

Much better is an etching by Lucien Gautier, representing an arm of the Seine in midwinter. The river is full of floating ice, and navigation is being accomplished with evident difficulty. Intimate knowledge of the effects of the different baths to be used in such an etching is shown here. Note the comparative strength of the barge in the foreground, the house on the quay, the bridge in the middle distance, and the public buildings in the extreme distance, and observe, too, the nice distinction always maintained between the strength of the trees in their relation with adjacent objects in various parts of the picture. The perspective is admirable. It may interest young etchers who will look admiringly upon this carefully prepared work to know something about Mr. Gautier. He is quite a young man, who began life as a photographer, failed in business, and is now a clerk in a merchant's office. His etching is all done in his spare hours at night.

Other etchings of the volume are "The Janissary,"

spiritedly executed by Edmund Ramus after a pen-and-ink drawing by Antonio Fabres; "Paris at Night," seen from the Pont des Saints-Pères, the skilful work of Charles E. Wilson—wonderful in perspective—after a painting by Léon Herpin, a young artist of rare promise who has died since this etching appeared; and an admirable work by J. Park, an English "peintre-graveur," both strong and original.

The other etchings of the volume are "The Fiddler," by William Rohn, after Teniers' painting in the Munich Pinacothèque, and "The Halt," by Gaujean, after the painting by Van Ostade.

The letter-press of the volume is more than usually interesting, its special feature being a fully illustrated account of the life and works of the late Alfred Stevens, who as painter, sculptor, and architect deserves to rank as one of the great Englishmen of the century.

PAOLO TOSCHI AND CORREGGIO'S FRESCOS.

THE last of the great Italian engravers was Paolo Toschi, who was born in Parma in 1788, and died there in 1858. Though not directly a pupil of Longhi, he was a disciple of the same school, having studied his art in Paris under Bervic, the brilliant pupil of old Wille. Toschi was a notable instance of a man who, having discovered what his forte is, steadily follows it, and so achieves the greatest success of which he is capable. Had he remained in Paris, and continued to reproduce subjects similar to those which had already been so brilliantly engraved by Wille and Bervic, he would prob-

"stew of frogs' legs." About the year 1840 Toschi obtained from the Grand Duchess of Parma a commission to engrave those matchless old frescoes which long had been, and which still are, the great attraction of Parma. He was appointed director of the Academy of Fine Arts, where he founded a school of engravers to assist him in his great undertaking. Of these engravers Raimondi and Dalco are the best known; but Toschi's personality and influence were so strong that it is not easy to discover any difference of style between his own work and that of his pupils. To the latter were assigned the engraving of the subordinate parts, while Toschi himself engraved the figures, and in some cases the entire plates.

He commenced his undertaking by making drawings of reduced size from the original frescoes. This was no easy task; for Correggio's work was sadly defaced by time. Nearly all these drawings by Toschi are now preserved in the museum of Parma, and they show him to have been a draughtsman of consummate ability. He has succeeded admirably in catching the sweet and graceful style of Correggio. One of these beautiful drawings has found its way to New York. It was presented to Mr. F. Keppel by Toschi's grandson, and is at present on exhibition at Mr. Keppel's store in this city. This drawing is from one of the frescoes in the Convent of San Paolo; it represents two beautiful children playing with emblems of the chase.

Toschi's prospectus of the proposed publication of engravings after Correggio's frescoes was issued in Parma on the 15th of April, 1844. At that date, however, much of the work had already been done. The engravings were to be delivered to subscribers at intervals as completed. Proofs before letters were charged for at double the price of ordinary print, and there was a special issue (limited to thirty) of still earlier proofs at triple the price. Each of these first proofs bore a little engraved sketch or "remarque," in the margin. These "remarque" proofs are now in great request among connoisseurs. An instance of their increase in value may be cited. There is in the collection of James L. Claghorn, Esq., of Philadelphia, a "remarque" proof of the lovely "Madonna della Scala" which the owner values at five hundred dollars, and which certainly could not be duplicated for a less sum. But Toschi sold those proofs for twenty-four dollars!

How many stories could be told of the vicissitudes in price of some great works of art? It is said in London that bundles of first proofs of Turner's precious Liber Studiorum prints were used to kindle kitchen fires; and it is affirmed by Toschi's family that after his death in 1858, his daughter, who was his sole heir, offered all the proofs of his engravings to the Calco-grafia Camerale (the Papal Government's publishing house) at ten francs each; but the sagacious directors would not pay more than five francs, just one dollar! Fortunately she in turn refused this munificent offer, and so these precious engravings remained in the possession of the family. Many—perhaps most—of the original impressions of Toschi's prints are now owned in our own country. Some fifteen years ago there was an absolute rage for collecting them in Boston. The priced catalogues of the auction house of Leonard & Co. show that the bids of competing collectors ran up the prices to very high figures. Their beautiful decorative character makes them peculiarly appropriate for rendering "the house beautiful."

It was thus that Paolo Toschi devoted his life to one worthy purpose. The greater part of the frescoes were engraved during his lifetime; some plates he left unfinished at the time of his death, and a few had not even been commenced. These last have since been engraved under his successor Raimondi; but we miss in them the magic touch of Toschi's own hand.



"A HAPPY FAMILY." DRAWN BY CHARLES VOLKMAR, AFTER HIS WATER-COLOR.

ably have taken a place in the history of the art as an engraver possessed of very respectable abilities, but as being not more remarkable than were several of his contemporaries, such as Richomme or Massard.

But returning to his native place—the old grand ducal city of Parma—he was fired with the desire to engrave the lovely frescoes which Correggio had painted there three centuries before, but which time was rapidly causing to disappear.

Correggio's magnificent work in the cupola of the cathedral was finished in 1530, and soon afterward the divinely gifted master died. It is recorded that soon after his death his great contemporary Titian journeyed from Venice to Parma to see those frescoes, and that while viewing the "Assumption" in the cupola of the cathedral, a joke was repeated to him which had been made by one of the younger canons. This pert young priest, having observed the free and graceful display of the limbs of the multitude of angels who are represented soaring heavenward with the Madonna, had called the picture "un ragoût de grenouilles." But when this was repeated to Titian, that great master declared that if the huge dome could be reversed and filled with gold it would contain nothing so precious as that same

CERAMICS

LONGFELLOW PITCHERS.



CERAMIC compliment has just been paid to a favorite poet, and the Longfellow pitchers were quite in vogue for New Year presents. The idea and shape are taken from the Liverpool pitchers, those patriotic relics with their portraits of Washington, Franklin, and Revolutionary worthies. The modern pitchers are in the yellow ivory tint of old Wedgwood, of size holding two quarts of mulled wine, cider, or claret-cup, with quaint decorations in red and black lines, a well-drawn head of the poet on one side in medallion, with a scene of the potter at his wheel on the other, inscribed with lines from the "Keramos." The "Hanging of the Crane" has been reduced in a pretty toy of ormolu, which might be a match-holder, or pen-rest for the library-table, the crane and one side of the fireplace, with the hanging kettle and irons, modelled in burnished gilt. Such mementos of poetry which has become household words are likely to be very popular, and by the next Centennial the Longfellow pitchers and Whittier jugs will be handed down with affectionate pride as the Revolutionary teapots and mugs now are.

A NEW ENGLISH FAÏENCE.

A NEW faïence of real art merit is being manufactured at Leeds by Messrs. Wilcock, of Burmantofts, it being the first attempt at art pottery since the failure of the old Leeds pottery. The clay is found on the site of the pottery, rather less than a mile from the centre of the town. This material is mined for and found in a rocky state. No less than four different kinds of clay are found at various depths, as well as the coal used in burning it.

The ware is characterized by its hardness, thick, majolica-like glaze, and warmth of color, giving valuable effect in a room. It may be divided into two heads, that for architectural and that for domestic ornament. The architectural faïence is made in large and small pieces, or rather blocks, and is used for interior as well as exterior decoration; the advantage over tiles being that it may be built into the structure, and not merely laid on the surface, where, from its imperfect adherence, it may be liable to come off, especially in either hot or damp places, although wall tiles are made in it for use in halls and on fireplaces. Out of the architectural faïence sprang the manufacture of vases, it having been suggested that the same ware and style of work might be applied for decorative purposes; and although working in a rather different groove, this branch bids fair to become a formidable rival to Messrs. Doulton's Lambeth ware.

The body is a mixture which is the invention of Messrs. Wilcock, and is based on the finest kind of fireclay. This is baked at a most intense heat, and is covered with a rich thick glaze, colored in various tones of warm olive greens, citrons, browns, and sometimes a fine dark blue. This glaze, owing to the great heat employed, is thoroughly incorporated or fused into the body. In certain instances raised ornaments or sunk patterns are covered by a glaze of a different color from

the rest of the piece, and give very good effects, by a judicious choice of harmonious colors. A pair of vases treated in this manner are gourd-shaped, with marigolds in relief; the body of the vase is colored a citrine green, and the flowers a very curious pale neutral blue, harmonizing very beautifully with the ground of the vase. The general ornamentation of the ware is either incised or in relief, and frequently on some of the vases in combination. Where it is practicable all this is done by hand when the clay is in a soft state, and each piece or set may be said to be unique, there being seldom replicas made.

The principal decoration is generally derived from the floral world, conventionalized; and, on some larger plaques, classical subjects are introduced. The Japanese style is sparingly used. The wall tiles are generally ornamented in high relief with vigorously designed patterns: these, of course, are cast from a mould or pressed. They are made too with patterns incised by hand. Among the flat ware made are large slabs for building up into mantelpieces, as well as some

coloring and treble firing—the result being failure, or a constant struggle with obstacles, when practice with monochromatic and easy subjects would have given something far more satisfactory with a greater degree of skill and confidence.

Always, before painting, wash your china very clean with soap and water and a soft towel.

The beautiful Damascus pottery scarcely ever contains anything but arrangements in blue, green, and a neutral purple; sometimes only black and green are used. It is, however, true that very good effects can be produced by matching scarlet, blue, and orange, and relieving them with white or black, or by giving a black arabesque on a yellow ground. The next step will be perhaps to discover that a good picture can be made with a black foundation, out of which ivy-leaves of different sizes come from the different gradations of the darkest up to the very lightest green and white. A single color thus carried from black to white almost always affords a safe subject.

The following, given as hints and suggestions to

prospective contributors to Howell & James's sixth exhibition of paintings on china, to be opened in London in May, may be read with advantage by amateur decorators generally: "It is particularly recommended that dark-colored grounds be adopted—sage greens, bronze browns, blues, etc., in graduated tints; that when flowers are painted they be confined to one sort, and all designs arranged so as to cover the whole plaque as far as possible. It is important that all subjects should be well and faithfully drawn (from nature where possible), and broadly and artistically treated. Plates or plaques of from 12 to 16 inches in diameter are found to be the most salable sizes; and the following subjects, if well executed, are always readily disposed of: Pretty rural scenes with children, after the style of Birket Foster; graceful figures, in pairs, on oblong panels from 8 to 15 inches in length; artistic groupings of single flowers as described above; also picturesque heads (female heads, in particular), with floral and ornamental backgrounds, and sober coloring in the drapery; landscapes, on square or oblong slabs. Special attention is directed to long panels (in one or more pieces), varying in length from 15 to 32 inches, decorated with tall-growing flowering plants or flowers and tinted backgrounds; for these there is a growing demand, and a special prize for them is offered this year."



DESIGN FOR A TILE. BY CHARLES VOLKMAR.

very large panels, nearly five feet high, for exterior decoration, having well-modelled floral designs.

Most of the work is designed, and, of course, all executed, at the pottery by a staff of English workmen and artists, though in some few instances they are indebted to foreign artists for the designs, chiefly for the classical subjects.

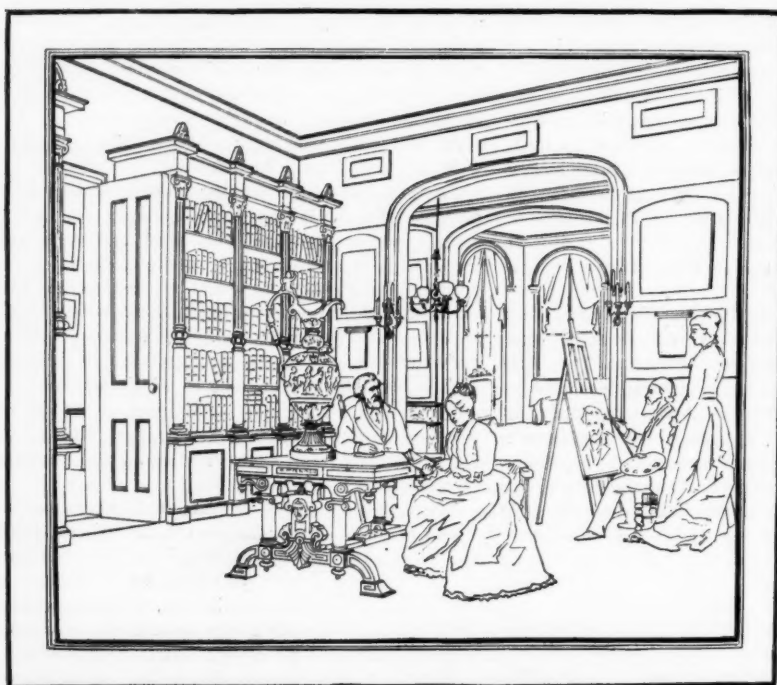
HINTS TO CERAMIC PAINTERS.

THERE is no art to which the motto of "hasten slowly" is so applicable as china painting, and yet there is none in which we see so much ill-advised rashness and hurrying to make show-pictures. The tyro who can just make a feeble water-color, attempts on a tile, and very often under glaze, effects which should naturally require months of practice. A beginner, who might do very well with a pattern in single colors, is too often busy the first week with, let us say, a full-length miniature of a mediæval lady, involving mixed

PROFESSOR WURTZ, a year or two ago, examined some of the so-called Japanese porcelain clays used at Arita, and finding that they were no clays at all in the scientific sense of the term, came to the conclusion that Japanese porcelain is not prepared from China clay. Recent analyses, however, show that true porcelain clay is used by some at least of the potters of Japan.

JUDGING from the favorable notices of the Chicago press, Mrs. V. B. Jenkins seems to be giving lessons in "Limoges" decoration in that city with much success. The Times says that her work is "fully equal to the best work executed in Cincinnati, and some of her vases are exceedingly rich in color and graceful in form."

DECORATION & FURNITURE



A HOMELIKE COUNTRY HOUSE.

AT the late exhibition of paintings at the Lotos Club, Mr. George H. Story's picture, "Library at Winyah Park," attracted much attention. The artist is best known for his portraits and bits of genre, and his friends were pleased to find him equally at home with interiors. Our purpose, however, is not to dwell upon Mr. Story's painting, but to make the subject of it the text for some observations on home furnishing which it suggests. We may remark, in passing, that in our outline illustration we have taken the liberty of removing from the foreground two folio volumes—which in the painting are red, and, in connection with the grandly proportioned ewer, make an excellent point of color—in order to show something of the detail of the table, which is of great beauty.

Winyah is delightfully situated in Westchester County, New York, in a well-wooded park of two hundred acres. There are no pretensions here to architectural beauty or elaborate decoration; but throughout the mansion in all its appointments there is an air of substantial comfort and repose which accords well with the simple habits and tastes of the owner. If one did not know that it was the home of a Southerner, it might be taken for an English country house. The library shown in our illustration is such in something more than in name. Its literature is chiefly that of art, of which the master is a liberal patron, although his taste in that direction is peculiar. He chooses that the pictures in his house shall be primarily of an educational character, and consequently we find the walls covered with fine proofs of rare engravings, or costly copies of paintings by the old masters, rather than original works by modern artists. The decorations of the walls of the library are copies of Pompeian frescoes, and if we should enter the sanctum by the door to the left of our illustration we should find the chief pictures there to be copies of masters of the school of Claude Lorraine, curious prints of Albert Dürer, and over the mantel-piece some mezzotint gems of Bartolozzi, who, by the way, seems to be a particular favorite, for we find him represented in various parts of the house. In the music-room—an octagonal Gothic apartment with stained-glass windows and skylight—the maroon-stained wooden walls form the background for several original paintings, including, among other notable works, two excellent Wilsons. There is also here a portrait of the master of the house taken some years ago by Huntington. The likeness probably was never very striking.

find some such evidence of their graceful fancies. They are all interested more or less in artistic occupation. This in one finds expression in prayer-book illumination and similar church-work, in another in collecting curious china, and in a third in forming a cabinet of coins; and the practice of each employment is characterized by good taste and moderation. The excesses of fashionable decorative art find no place in this well-ordered house. The room decoration is of the simplest kind, but it is nearly always original. One of the young ladies, for instance, has solved the problem of moderating the homeliness and cheerlessness of the cold white marble mantelpiece in a bedroom, by the tasteful application of flowers cut out of chintz, which are gummed on to the sides and lintel, and made to harmonize pleasantly with the wall-paper and hangings.

The conservatory is the especial pride and care of the lady of the house. Every one in the family has something to do, contributing in its way to the general weal of the household; even to the youngest—a boy with mechanical and scientific rather than æsthetic tastes—who repairs the bells and locks, and delivers lectures in the cellar on practical chemistry, with brilliant experiments. The reception-room is the apartment across the hall. Necessarily it is but slightly indicated in our illustration. The dining-room is in the basement overlooking the lawn.

We have described at length this homelike house not because we agree with the owner's tastes in all respects, nor to recommend their emulation by our readers. It is extremely improbable that any one would be able to follow in detail the arrangement of the house, even if he should desire to do so; for in all its appointments it has been planned for the special convenience and comfort of its occupants. We have selected it, rather, on account of the pleasant relief which its generous simplicity affords to the sumptuous magnificence of the more fashionable houses of the day.

ASSORTING OF COLORS.

SOME hints regarding the assorting of colors for dressing a show-window, given by The London Draper, are so generally useful that we reproduce them:

No color requires more toning and management than red. Red, in dress as in nature, forms, like orange, an excellent leading color or key-note. The semi-neutral maroon is to be regarded as the next hue in the chromatic descent of red toward blue. It is deep and clear, and although allied to red, is sufficiently cool to

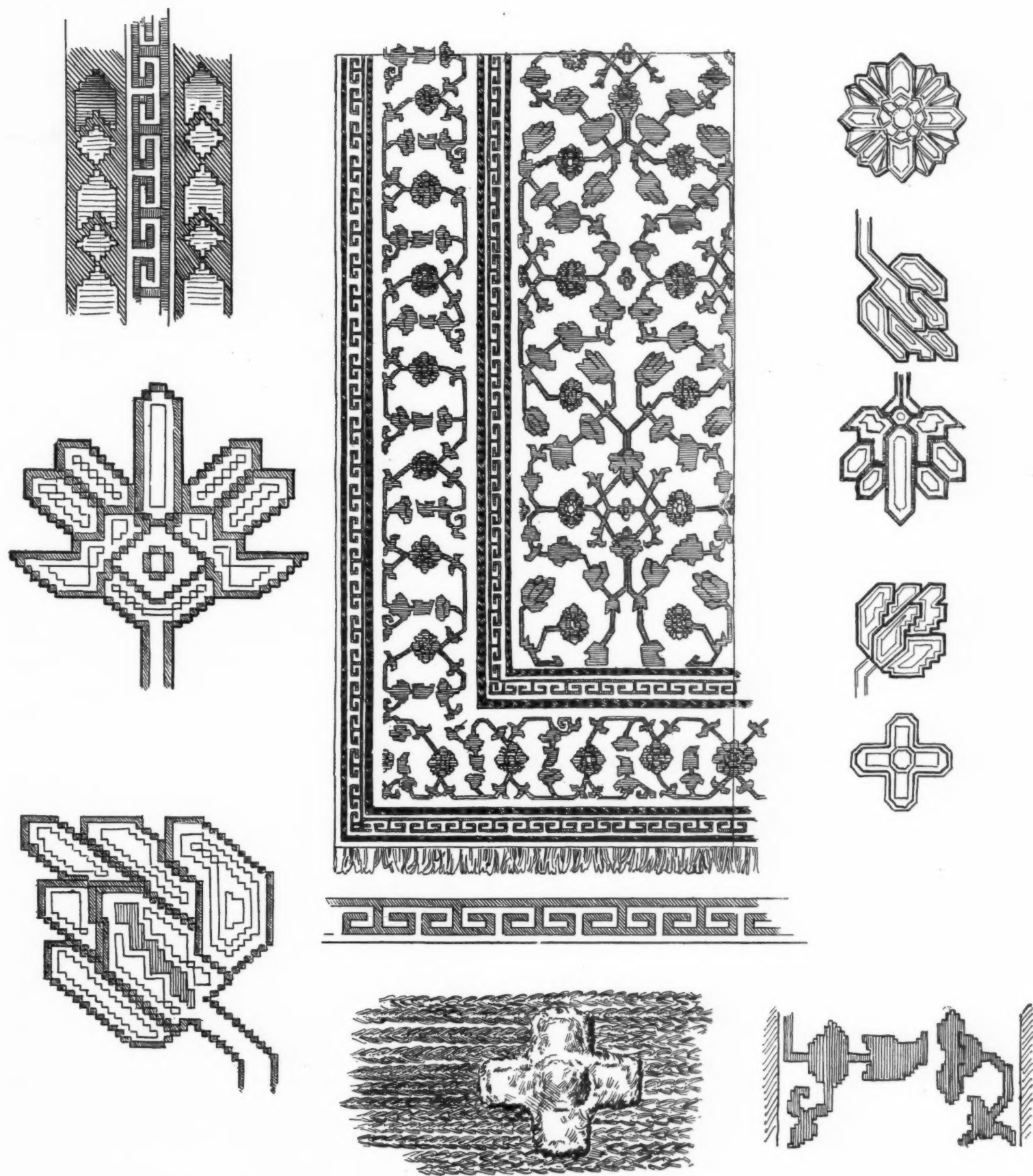
In the middle-distance of our illustration we get a glimpse of the spacious hall. Facing the main entrance, a broad flight of stairs to the right leads to the conservatory, school-room, and sleeping apartments. Ascending, we pass, on the landing, what looks, at first, like a stained-glass window, but which is in fact but an ordinary window that has been tastefully decorated with bright-hued autumn-leaves, which, arranged in diamond-formed panes, have an excellent effect. This is the work of the young ladies of the house. Everywhere about the place we

admit of its being used as the deepest shade in such arrangements as have a predominance of cool-toned colors. Yellow, the primary color, is of great value in producing brilliant and rich effects. Red and orange color, blue and green, are its melodizing tones. Its contrasting color is purple; the hue in which it predominates is called citrine. The contrasting color of blue is orange, and the tertiary in which it predominates is olive—a compound of green and purple. As blue is much deteriorated and neutralized in artificial light, it is decidedly a daylight color. Olive, as an individual color, is soft, massive and warm, but it is in its contrasting power, in the lower series of warm tones, that it finds its full value. It relieves and harmonizes, according to its various hues, the tertiaries—russet, citron, maroon and brown. It ought never to be brought into contact with blue. On the other hand, pale tints of blue or any other color should never be introduced into warm arrangements. In such cases, blue, if used, should be employed in its deepest hues and shades. The indiscriminate introduction of light-blue tints is an error.

CHIPPENDALE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

THOMAS CHIPPENDALE was by no means the only cabinet-maker of note during his epoch. The Cabinet-maker reminds its readers. On the contrary, he had to contend with a host of rivals, who worked in the same style, and produced furniture of equal merit. "Somehow or other," says the writer, "Chippendale's name has come to the front beyond the rest, and, as a consequence, a great deal of cabinet work is attributed to him which was designed by his contemporaries, notably Lock, Ince and Mayhew, Crunden, and Johnson. Most of these were even more eccentric than the 'Court Cabinet-maker,' without the redeeming features we have pointed out in the work of the latter. They published illustrated catalogues in like manner, and the titles given to some of their books are quite sentimental—for instance, John Crunden called his series of designs 'The Joiner's and Cabinet-maker's Darling,' and another the 'Chimney-piece-maker's Daily Assistant.' Crunden invented a number of ingenious frets, quite equal to those by Chippendale, but his 'French' monstrosities are debased and ugly. In the 'Daily Assistant' we find other names associated with Crunden, viz., Thomas Milton, Placido, and Columbiani. The two latter were architects, and designed in the same style as the Queen Anne architects, Kent and Gibbs, who flourished earlier in the century. Thomas Johnson, the carver alluded to, also indulged in flights of fancy, consisting of flowers, birds, beasts, and fishes, coquillage, and scroll work, literally thrown about. Under the comprehensive title of 'Chippendale' most of the surviving products from these various designers are now known, and many pieces of furniture are sold as made by the former that never saw the inside of his workshop. While Thomas Chippendale thus gets the credit for this peculiar development of domestic art, we shall find that he was only in his turn a copyist. A large portion of his ideas were borrowed 'en bloc' from the vagaries of the French style, and the so-called 'Chinese' may be traced to the researches and designs of a great architect of the period, viz., Sir William Chambers."

THE era of improved taste in carpets for club-houses is evidently at hand. Following the excellent selection of the Lotos Club come the new carpets for the new Union League Club building, manufactured by the Bigelow Carpet Company from admirable designs furnished by Messrs. W. & J. Sloane. We have seen most of those that are to go into the new club-house, and can say that as a whole they are probably more artistically correct than those in any other club-house in New York. It is pleasant to note that the furnishing of the interior will help to compensate in this case for the exterior ugliness.



A REMARKABLE ORIENTAL RUG.

SECTION AND DETAILS OF THE DESIGN. DRAWN FOR THE ART AMATEUR BY CAMILLE PITON.

(FOR DESCRIPTION SEE PAGE 46.)

AMERICAN WOODS FOR FURNITURE.

THE growing scarcity of black-walnut, which ranks next to mahogany in price, is not wholly a thing to lament, since it has brought the strong-grained light woods again into use. Carved oak in Jacobean chairs and cabinets may begin once more to gather color, slowly and richly as a meerschaum clouds. Oak will stain like ebony; but let no art-lover of true taste countenance the practice of staining woods which are beautiful in their clear veining, alive from the axe. Oak aside, all knowledge of forest craft and joinery leagues to search out new woods for cabinet-work. The curled maple, valued in England, is next to the satinwood of the tropics in color and lustre; and the clear maple, boldly carved, may rank next to white holly, of which costly drawing-room suites are chiselled in Louis XVI. style, and these lead the fashion with Empire mahogany and ebonized furniture. The latter is past its first favor, and those dreadful visions with which expensive furnishers have saddened our eyes shall vex us no more: visions of black and gold tapestry carpets, and zebra-hued hangings of black and yellow damasked satin, or, as one leading upholsterer actually showed me last season, black and gold guipure lace for drawing-room curtains to match the ebony and gilt furniture, cushioned in black and gold brocade. It was a kind of imperial mourning, which suggested yellow fever and black death. Not to condemn ebonized furniture altogether—for nothing betrays limited judgment like sweeping prejudices against a thing excellent in its own rank, though not universally admirable—fashionable houses have had enough of it for a while, and a cabinet or pedestal will answer as reminder of the style. It may linger, too, in country houses of good keeping, where a bygone style sometimes pleasantly holds its graces till the fashion comes round again, and where slender ebony and gilt well relieves pale creamy French cretonnes and light Aubusson. Ebony always calls for light surroundings.

In place of the choice which has existed so long between walnut, ebony, and expensive rosewood, a wealth of woods is now offered—not only curled maple and ash, but curled elm, with figures and flakings like rose-engine or Persian patterns; hickory, which with its fine tough grain will carve and polish like ivory, and may justly class as a precious wood, lasting for generations; and cherry, that aromatic domestic mahogany which is worth much better attention than it receives, both in shaping and polish. And not only cherry comes in use, but its kin of fruit-trees, tough and close of fibre and rich in polish, though few imagine an old fruit-tree fit for anything but indifferent firewood. Let such learn thrift before they burn value. An English carver thinks himself in luck if he can get the stump of an old apple-tree to season for brackets and high carving, for it works well and is charming in tone. For table-tops, and odd chairs, and choice pieces, let the amateur joiner and carver go no farther afield than till he finds an old pippin or plum-tree ready for the axe. As for pear-wood, have we not been buying it stained long enough, and paying three prices for it as black-walnut? That is a stale trick of joinery. There, too, is beech from the Indiana levels which have been stripped of their walnut. Redwood, truest to the grain of any known wood, and California laurel, with a score of rich inlays from Pacific forests, are in millionaires' houses. While for paupers—of taste—what so cheering in its poverty as cottage wainscoting of red Canadian and yellow pine, with doors in clear wide panels of white Northern pine, its satiny surface tenderly lustrous, like a woman's flesh or a salmon's breathing sheen? Suites of cottage furniture, after English design, of pine finished in shellac meet the difficult requirement of something inexpensive but in complete good taste. Pine is not precisely cheap in an artistic view; for is it not in the house of Mr. Frederick Leighton, the English artist, that the inlaying of yellow Southern pine is so much admired for its effect like dead gold? How many visitors to the picturesque hotel at Long Beach last summer had eyes for the rich-

ness of the natural coloring of the pine wood in the great veranda, which, as seen just before completion, between the dead white sands of the shore and the intense blue overhead, seemed to glow and flush with ruddy, mellow color? Artistic teaching rapidly shows us how to value common materials which lie in abundance to our hands.

SHIRLEY DARE.

PRACTICAL ROOM DECORATION.

I.

A MODEL BACK PARLOR.

ONE finds in the books of the day devoted to "art" decoration and furniture wondrous descriptions, almost without end, of wondrous "mansions" which too often are useful only as frightful examples of what can be done by the combination of ostentatious magnificence and pretentious ignorance. To seek at such sources



LIBRARY CHAIR, MADE BY IRMLER, OF VIENNA.

for any real practical suggestions that might be applied with success to the fitting up of the home of Brown, Smith, or Robinson, would be vain. It is therefore with a feeling of peculiar satisfaction that we turn again to the excellent "Outline Sketches for Furnishing" by H. J. Cooper, already noticed in our columns as appearing in our English contemporary, *The Artist*. These are at once sensible and practical, and will be found, with very slight modification, as valuable for American homes as for those of England.

Mr. Cooper begins his series with a fairylike transformation of that small dull back room, well known in London houses as the library, study, or morning-room; that looks across a back yard or vacant space on to a blank wall, or perhaps some outbuilding, which, together with neighboring houses, seriously diminishes the supply of light, probably at no time too plentiful. In our American cities, with our usual abundance of light, the back room, known as sitting-room or back parlor, which answers to this London apartment, is, as a rule, by no

means so cheerless. But there is doubtless familiar to our readers many a room looking northward which is as dreary and as much in need of enlivenment as Mr. Cooper's "study," and as he converts that dismal apartment into a pleasant place, and neutralizes the effect of the ugly surroundings, so may they do likewise.

The elements for an artistic treatment are: Four square walls, each measuring on plan twelve or fourteen feet at most, by some eleven feet six inches in height; a large flat window, on the top-and-bottom-sash principle; a four-panelled door; and a gray or black marble mantelpiece, with a cast-iron stove. The floor is of the usual common pine boards, and the ceiling has a cornice of insignificant plaster ornament, with a "ceiling-flower" three feet in diameter in the middle. The woodwork is probably grained to imitate oak, and the walls are covered with a light brown paper, of red diamond pattern, this being accepted as the correct pattern for a library; the ceiling is whitewashed.

Now, if the reader has grasped the situation, it will be obvious that for a room already but imperfectly lighted and shut out from all natural beauty, the lower tones and subdued combinations of color will not only be thrown away, but will positively increase the gloom and depression belonging to the room already by reason of its position. And yet a subdued background is required for the pictures; for it is presumed there are some to be hung.

The room, for its length and width, is already too high, and will easily bear some horizontal lines, which will have the effect of reducing it in height, also for a threefold division of wall-space, thus at once bringing in the element of variety without sacrificing the length and breadth of the room, which will, in fact, appear to be longer and broader than it really is. It would be easy to magnify the actual dimensions of this or of any room by the use of silvered glass; and in some cases it might not be objectionable to have recourse to it; but the expedient, at best flimsy and calling out no special powers of invention and application, has undoubted drawbacks, not only on account of its unreality and falsity, and the extent to which it is associated with large retail shops and restaurants, but from the necessity of giving up much wall-space, out of a limited area, that might be put to far better service. It is often humiliating to see well-bound volumes crowded together near the floor on a few mean shelves, while above, and perhaps in piers and adjacent recesses also, the wall is occupied by vacant, do-nothing mirrors in their uninteresting frames of gilt composition.

In a bachelor's room, however, plate glass is certainly less called for than in my lady's boudoir; and in the present instance it would seriously interfere with the projected scheme if introduced in too conspicuous a manner. Returning then to our starting-point, let us strike out first the broad band of wall whereon to hang small-sized pictures. There remain then the upper and lower spaces of wall; the lower measuring about 4 feet and the upper portion 5 feet.

A primary necessity of this apartment is light; and yet the walls, as far as the eye can easily rest upon them, are required of a sufficient depth of tone not to come into harsh contrast with dark oak, and accessories rather rich and sombre than light-colored. Above the picture-line, however, no such restrictions are binding upon us—beyond the admitted axiom in all decoration, that a definite relation of tone must be preserved throughout. The 5-feet space (or perhaps 4 feet 6 inches, for we must not divide our 11-feet room equally) shall therefore be covered with a paper of what may be technically termed a damask pattern. The pattern which Mr. Cooper has chosen is a conventionalized rose, closely interwoven, upon a finely powdered ground; and the coloring is a delicious green-gold, the result being achieved by the carefully calculated quantities of pale golden emerald green dotted work upon a ground of varied creamy tints with warmer touches of ochre. It is neither yellow nor green; but as a well-covered paper and one that will reflect light, nothing could answer our purpose better. So much for the upper wall, to which we can always turn with a sense of

relief. It forms at once our sky and atmosphere, and with the ceiling tinted in a single wash of creamy yellow, with a few lines of deeper color in the cornice (so as to blend it with the paper without emphasizing its deformities), we have some sort of approach to the soft and mellow golden glow of the sky above the horizon as the sun goes down.

The ceiling of this room might have been papered with a diaper pattern in yellow and white, but the employment of a pattern here was found to destroy the sense of airiness and lightness; and so it was simply tinted in distemper color a creamy yellow.

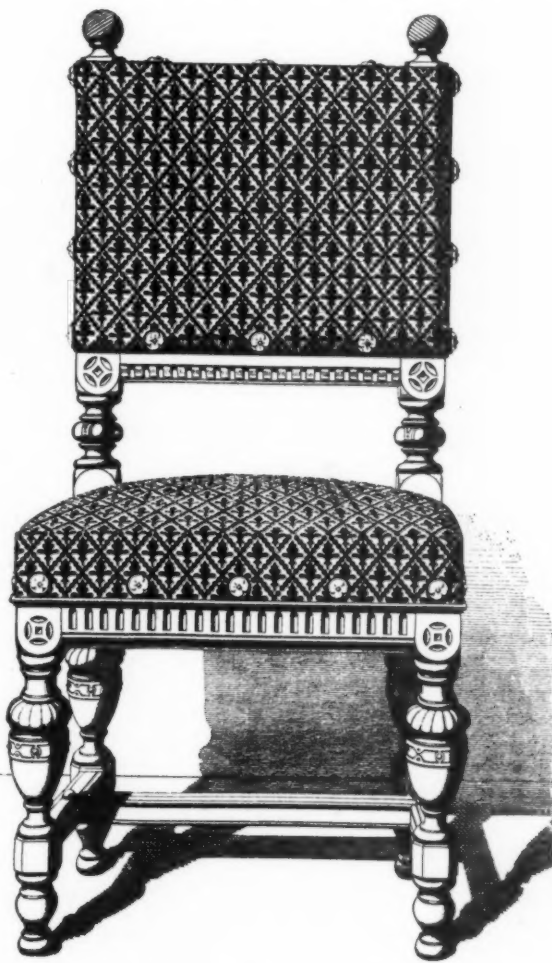
Having now got the ceiling and upper wall of a yellowish tone with a cast of golden green, it is in order to consider the best colors to use for the rest of the work. Below the upper wall-space, or frieze, a pine moulding is affixed, broad enough to act as a small shelf. This runs round the room on a level with the top of the door, or about 7 feet from the ground, an arrangement which will slightly reduce the depth of the frieze. Underneath this shelf comes the picture space, which will be margined off at its lower line, but by a smaller moulding, of about two inches, and standing forward very little, say 1½ inch. Below this narrow moulding is the dado proper. This is papered or painted; or hangings are used, or Japanese leather paper, or light framing of wood, India matting, etc., etc. In the case Mr. Cooper has in mind, the owner of the room preferred hangings. This settles the question, except so far as choice of material remains, because where there is no reasonable objection it is manifestly unnecessary to reject a suggestion and a preference. It is often as easy to harmonize one material as another, and frequently out of apparently insurmountable difficulties the most original successes are achieved. When once a possible path has been struck, it is better to adhere to your scheme and endeavor to harmonize it and to reconcile discordant elements even, than to surrender it for a totally different arrangement. This assumes that you are on the right track; if not, give it up and begin afresh.

The genial art adviser continues as follows:

Gradations of tone in a wall are always pleasant, where the wall is divided laterally as in this case; and it happens that among the various stuffs we are trying up experimentally there is one of a deep golden russet-green, a beautiful shade of pale olive and brown worsted with a large square diaper pattern of gold silk radiated from a centre. This seems most happily to accord with our greenish gold frieze, though it is a great deal heavier and will "bear out" the rest of the work. We will now color the intermediate or picture space a warm tone of russet-olive, lighter in shade than the dado-hanging, so as to connect the upper and lower portions of the wall and form a gentle gradation upward from dark to light. The wood-work must not be forgotten; indeed it comes almost first in actual execution, and the previous steps refer to tests and trials of paper and stuffs rather than to their then application. In reality everything in a scheme of decoration should be seen as nearly in its place as possible, before a stroke of work is commenced. Even after such precautions, many things may have to be modified or altered in actual working, as it requires long experience to judge from small samples what the effect will be of broader masses of color, although a practised eye will be able to gauge the result within a little. The portions to be painted are the door and shutters, the skirting, and the two dividing mouldings round the room, which separate the three courses of wall color one from the other. For a room so dimly lighted the paint must not be too dark, nor is it required above a medium tone: this would not only be out of character with the scheme, but it is also an undoubted fact that in a small room the projecting wood-work of doors, shutters, and mouldings is sure to get rubbed and damaged, particularly in a man's room. Chocolate is too dark, though it would harmonize, especially if mixed with a little green to give it an olive complexion. A deep Venetian red would do very well, but it might look heavy and is the reverse of retiring, whereas in a small room, where there is any considerable

quantity of wood-work, a too powerful color will obtrude itself upon us. Ultimately we choose a gray-blue—that is, a blue toned down with black and white and perhaps a little green, until we get a neutralized color, yet sufficiently assertive to contrast pleasingly with the wall. Gray-blue, however, thus composed, cannot be said to be "warm;" and our room is cold, looking northward; and, like many another London room, seems to want that touch of red without which no picture is said to be quite satisfactory. Indeed, we could endure rather more than a touch of red in this room, but where to put it? Parti-colored wood-work is a thing to be deprecated, because the joinery of a room is manifestly all of a piece, and a blue door and red skirting-board at once detaches it. A blue door with red panels would be possible, but patchy. Red mouldings might divide the wall courses, only the gray-blue is less hard and cutting; so we refrain from altering it.

Nothing remains but the gray marble chimney-piece, cold in color and of no structural merit. Why not paint that? The paint will hold at least for a considerable time. It should be ground and mixed with turpentine.



DINING-ROOM CHAIR, MADE BY IRMLER, OF VIENNA.

So it is decided to paint the mantelpiece a full Indian red, not an orange cast of red, which is crude and ugly, but a deep crimson-toned Venetian red. An arrangement of shelves and small cupboards placed above the mantel and painted the same red, terminating in a cornice, made to intersect with our shelf-moulding; this and the chimney-piece make a bold break in the otherwise somewhat cold uniformity of tone. A few bits of brass in the shape of handles and hinges (old pieces accidentally picked up) relieve the surface of red, and a few books, ornaments, and carefully colored pipes may do the rest.

As we gaze at the dismal black cast-iron thing that does duty for a fireplace, our faces grow long. The twisted rope mouldings—ignobly spun in a mould instead of hammered on a forge; the ruthless scrolls—that obnoxious heraldic device; surely anything would be better than to sit face to face day after day with this insolent reminder that engineering is better than art! If it were a simple combination of iron plates and bars and rivets we would not so much mind; it is the bombastic pretence, the impertinence that would challenge comparison with the beautiful wrought-iron work of

preceding ages that disgusts us. There can be no question about the cast-iron machine: out it must come. We proceed to fill in the now vacant interior (which it may surprise some to find is a square brick opening) with a dull red unglazed tile of oblong shape and plaited in squares of three. These are cemented to the rough brick sides and back, and also laid in the hearth, first removing the hearthstone. There is a homeliness about the brick color of this tile which suits our room fairly well, although the porous nature of an unglazed tile renders it rather less serviceable, and more liable to absorb dirt and grease.

A small basket-grate or dog-stove may now be placed in the open tiled recess: this, as now made, is for the most part an objectionable piece of metal work, and if desired may be a highly creditable example of skilled work in iron or brass. In summer a grate of this sort can be removed to make way for evergreens—or an open lattice work frame may be inserted in the vacant space, so as not to exclude the air.

Before the painters have finished their work, the two recesses on either side of the fireplace have been fitted with pine shelves and cupboards arranged for books, fishing-tackle, and what not; these are painted in with the rest of the gray-blue wood-work, and are made just so high as to range with our top shelf-moulding. Had they been painted to match the mantel-piece the preponderance of red would have been too great. A cupboard at the base of one of the bookcases and an embroidered curtain to the other give balance with variety.

As a minor detail, the panels of the door, the largest unrelieved surface of paint in the room, are filled in with a patterned flock paper exactly matching the gray-blue of the paint, the surface-texture and the pattern alone betokening the difference. A brass handle and finger-plates tell very well against the color of the door, and light up a dark corner.

The olive and gold hangings, by the way, are made to depend from small hooks or eyelets fixed in the lower moulding; are gathered into a fold at distances of a foot and a half and stretched tightly from hook to hook: they reach almost to the floor. They can of course be easily removed for brushing.

The decoration of the room is now complete, except the window; and here we have no alternative but to replace the glass by a less transparent rough rolled cathedral glass which shall slightly obscure the view without materially diminishing the light.

All expedients of colored or tinted muslin, either as blind or curtains, were found to take from the light, but curtains of a deep coral red wool and silk material for closing in the window at night were arranged in two halves—the upper curtains suspended from a thin iron rod above the window, and the lower half of the window screened by dwarf curtains of similar colored stuff running horizontally on a slender brass rod.

To sum up, the "Bachelor's Sanctum" has a creamy-yellow ceiling, and cornice broken by lines of deeper tint.

Upper wall-course, or frieze, as far as top of door—of greenish yellow-paper of flowing damask pattern.

Middle wall-course, or picture space, of plain citron-olive distemper color; moulded shelf above and small moulding below this central space painted gray-blue.

Lower wall-course or dado, of russet-olive and gold wool and silk damask.

Wood-work—doors, shutters, skirting, and bookcases—painted gray-blue.

Chimney-piece and shelves over, rich Venetian red.

Sober color prevails in the lower half of the room, broken by the deep red of the chimney projection, and heightened by the decorative qualities of the paintings with their gilt frames (hung from half-inch iron rods under the shelf moulding) that fall into their place appropriately and as a part of the decoration, which is seen to have been thought out, not flung together haphazard. While, however, the walls immediately around us are quiet and reposeful, though rich, the upper portion is full of a softened light, and in winter time the ruddy flame from the logs or coal burning in the open fireplace is sufficient to penetrate to the farthest and topmost

corner of the room. Such are some of the results and advantages of a complex scheme of treatment; and so far from cutting up or dwarfing a small room, they may be useful in giving a sense of space and of variety quite outside the power of one single paper, howsoever costly, to produce.

For furniture, there are a pedestal writing-table, of oak, not very dark, with some carving about it, and polished iron fittings of fine workmanship; a quaint couch with panelled boxed-in sides, also of oak, the panels elaborately carved in foliated Gothic ornament; a still more quaint arm-chair, the arms and back surmounted with grotesque carved heads, half animal, half human; an old oak chair "picked up;" with a Persian carpet or large rug of good coloring—yellow pine centre with dark blue border—thrown over the stained and polished floor: this much may be said of furniture; but indeed it does not matter much what furniture is put into this room, provided it is not of the debased modern brainless style. Anything old, quaint, and handy will do.

HOW TO BEGIN FURNISHING.

To achieve harmony in furnishing a room, the utmost care must be used; even the most experienced ornamentists have to give much thought in order to produce in form and color that sense of repose without which no arrangement can be truly artistic. Dr. Dresser gives some practical directions how to proceed to attain this result. Fix on one thing first, he says; and the best thing to fix on, as the starting-point, is that which it is most difficult to obtain in a number of good colorings—say, the window-hangings. These being fixed upon, the key-note of our composition is struck; now, with the hangings before you, and even resting on the carpet, consider whether the two not only look fairly well together, but whether or not they actually improve each other. Do not be afraid of placing two or three strips of carpet together before you settle; for the nearer the mass of color comes to that which will be seen upon the floor, as you have the whole curtains before you, the better. Try carpet after carpet till you get the right one; but if blue prevails in the hangings it need not, therefore, predominate in the carpet; indeed, it is not necessary that there be any blue in the carpet at all, for we are seeking to produce a harmony and not to get a monotone effect. Having the hangings and the carpet arranged, the color of the wall may be considered, for this can readily be made of any required tint; next settle on the treatment of the ceiling, for it must not remain white if all the parts of the room are to make one concordant whole, and go on in this way throughout, remembering that nothing can be brought into the room as a part of its furniture or decoration which is too insignificant for careful consideration.

As in choosing the first article of furniture for a room the key is struck for the entire decorative scheme, the first article selected (continues the writer) must be chosen with due regard to the requirements of the case. If a room looks out upon a lawn or noble trees, it is wrong to give to it a green tone, for by so doing the lawn and the trees will never appear to have that freshness which they otherwise bear, and they, in their turn, will react upon the room so as to destroy its pleasant effect. If the room has a cold aspect, "warm" colors should be used in its furnishing; and if it be much exposed to sunlight, then its treatment should be "cool." Thus the first article for the room must be selected with due regard to all such considerations as these.

STAINED AND POLISHED FLOORS.

WHILE among practical writers on decoration there are few advocates of the polished wooden floor which fashion has revived, a mere margin of wood has much to commend it, especially on the score of cleanliness. A carpet which covers the entire floor is the special harbinger of dust and disease. It cannot conveniently be taken up more than once or twice in the year, and the effect of a daily brushing is to redistribute, but not to remove, the noxious accumulations.

Mr. R. W. Edis, a well-known London authority on artistic furnishing, in a recent lecture before the Society of Arts, gave his opinion on the subject to this effect. He said the margin might either be painted, or

stained, or covered with parquet, but he declined to give his sanction to the so-called "carpet-parquet" (a kind of veneer much advertised in London) laid down over the flooring. If painted, it should be covered with several coats of some dark color. It is important that these successive coats should be uniformly dark, otherwise scratches upon the floor may show white; and care must be taken to allow each coat to harden. Parquet, Mr. Edis said, is more showy, perhaps, than painting or staining, but he was unprepared to say that it was more artistic. It is more expensive, of course, being somewhat costly in itself, and involving, besides, the cutting away of the flooring. A parquet or stained margin having been left, within this a carpet might be pinned down, which could easily be taken up as often as required.

A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* takes strong ground against painting the floor. He advises those who cannot afford to have inlaid or even single natural wood floors to have the pine boards planed and then stained and polished, and proceeds in the following practical way to tell how this may best be done.

"First, if your floor has been already painted, or is covered with drippings from the paint-brush, cover the spots and splashes with caustic potash; leave this on till the paint is dissolved. It will take, perhaps, thirty-six hours to do this if the paint is old and hard; then have the floor well scoured, taking care not to let the mixture deface your wash-boards.

"Secondly, if your flooring is marred by wide, ugly cracks between the planks, have them puttied, as they serve otherwise as a multitude of small dust-bins, and show an ugly stripe between your shining boards.

"If the planks are narrow and of equal width, you can have them stained alternately light and dark—oak and walnut. In that case, stain the whole floor oak, and then do the alternate stripes dark. The staining mixture can be bought at any paint-shop, or can be ordered from any city, and brought by express in sealed cans. In almost every case it is safe to dilute the staining mixture with an equal quantity of turpentine. I have never seen or used any which was not far too thick as it is bought. It helps very much, when staining in stripes, to lay two boards carefully on each side of the stripe to be stained, and then draw the brush between. This guards the plank from an accidental false stroke of your brush and saves time to the aching back. If, however, the dark staining should chance to run over on the light plank, before it dries wipe it off with a bit of flannel dipped in turpentine.

"When the floor is to be all walnut, the best staining I have ever seen is done without the use of a brush. Buy at a grocer's—for a single medium-sized room—a one-pound can of burnt umber, ground in oil. Mix with boiled linseed oil a sufficient amount of this to color properly without perceptibly thickening the oil; by trying the mixture upon a bit of wood till the desired color is attained, the quantity can easily be determined. It should be a rich walnut brown. Rub this into the wood thoroughly with a woollen cloth, rubbing it off with another woollen cloth till the stain ceases to 'come off.' Never be beguiled into using boiled oil to keep the floor in order, for it is more like a varnish than an oil, and after the pores of the wood have once become filled, it lies on the surface, attracting and holding dust till it ruins the wood, and can only be removed by the use of caustic potash, sand-paper, or the plane. But this first, or any subsequent coloring of the floor, must be done as here directed.

"If you find, when the coloring matter dries, that it is not dark enough, rub on another coat. Do not be discouraged that your floors look dull and poor, for they only need a few weeks of proper care to be what you want.

"When the staining is done, prepare for the next day's waxing. Mix turpentine and yellow beeswax in the proportion of one gallon of turpentine to one pound of wax, shaved thin. Let the wax soak all night, or longer, in the turpentine before using; then rub it on with a woollen cloth. A few times of using this will make the floor gain a polish like that of an old-fashioned table-top. At first it must be done frequently, but beyond the smell of the turpentine, which soon passes off, and the trouble of applying, it has no disadvantage. When the wood finally becomes well polished, the wax need not be applied oftener than once a week, or even once a fortnight. The floor, in the mean time, can be dusted off by passing over it an old groom or hair floor-brush, with a piece of slightly moistened rag tied around it. Everything that falls upon it lies upon the surface,

as on that of varnished furniture. Nothing ever really soils it. It can, of course, be washed up, but never needs scrubbing."

For the floors of halls or passages, Mr. Edis, in the lecture above referred to, recommended the use of marble-mosaic, or marble-mosaic tiles. Linoleum or oil-cloth is bad, being so soon worn out, besides being obtainable only in patterns which are bad in color, in treatment, and design, and poor imitations at the best. It is not desirable to make our already narrow spaces seem narrower by the use of tiles too obtrusive in color or too elaborate in design. Marble-mosaic tiles are composed of chips of marble set in cement. These are inexpensive, and properly chosen have a good effect.

Domestic Art Notes.

GLASS floorings are now being made in France, the upper surface moulded in diamonds.

CARVED wooden knife-boxes and salt boxes, of an old English style, are being made for the kitchen.

WILLOW-PATTERN cups and saucers printed in colors are being used largely in England for invitations to tea.

WHAT purports to be a Pompeian vein of design is setting in for certain pieces of metal furniture, such as lamps.

SETS of door furniture in Egyptian style—handle, bell-pull, knocker, and letter-plate—are being made for large houses in London.

THE London Pottery Gazette thinks it probable that "our grandmothers painted in ceramic colors, if not on plaques, at least on dinner-plates, under the tuition of the Brothers Bradley, of Pall Mall, who fired their productions in a kiln where the Reform Club now stands."

"MIGHT not something be done to relieve the unspeakable dreariness of illimitable stucco?" asks Mr. Edis, mourning over the dinginess of the buildings in London. He suggests that inlaid plaques or panels of marble would be suitable for exterior wall decoration; they are made brighter by every breeze, and in the rainfall they become brilliant.

PAINTED dresses are still in vogue on both sides of the Atlantic. An effective arrangement recently noticed in London was made by the front breadth of a Princess-cut tea gown being painted in wisteria blossom, and another in jasmine. The painting in such work should never be thick with body colors; the shades should blend in to the color of the ground.

THE fashion of painting muslin for dresses is being revived. At the Social Guild Bazaar recently held at Nottingham, England, the room was arranged in the form of a street of the middle ages, the balcony enabling the spectators up-stairs to look down from the upper windows of the houses, while a mediæval castle appropriately occupied one end of the hall. As many of the fair stall-keepers were arrayed in the costumes of the period, the effect was striking and unique.

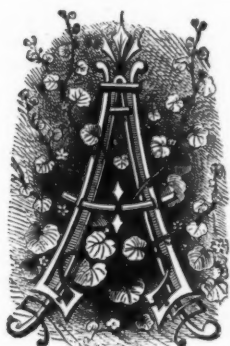
NOVICES should not attempt too much in the way of color. Harmonies in shades of one color are usually successful, especially in golden browns and reds. If all the colors are used together they harmonize each other, as we see in Indian and other polychrome work. Two or three colors require great circumspection to get them right, for all combinations depend very much on the shade and tone of each, and all presuppose a skill in coloring that is in part a gift, but in part also the result and reward of study and experience.

FERNS, well pressed and dried, and then painted thickly with liquid gold paint, are sometimes applied with good effect to the doors of a cabinet. One who has tried the experiment and succeeded says: "After gumming the backs, I arranged them on the panels of the door, pressing them with an old soft cloth. Where the gold paint moved off, I painted it again when dry. Lastly, I carefully laid on a wash of clear varnish, doing it as quickly as possible. This preserves the ferns and gilding, and improves their appearance."

A RECENT improved receipt for preserving plants with their natural colors is to dissolve 1 part of salicylic acid in 600 parts of alcohol, heat the solution up to boiling-point in an evaporating vessel, and draw the plants slowly through it. Shake them to get rid of any superfluous moisture, and then dry between sheets of blotting-paper, under pressure, in the ordinary manner. Too prolonged immersion discolors violet flowers, and in all cases the blotting-paper must be frequently renewed. The novelty appears to be the salicylic acid.

ART NEEDLEWORK

EMBROIDERY MATERIALS AND DESIGNS.



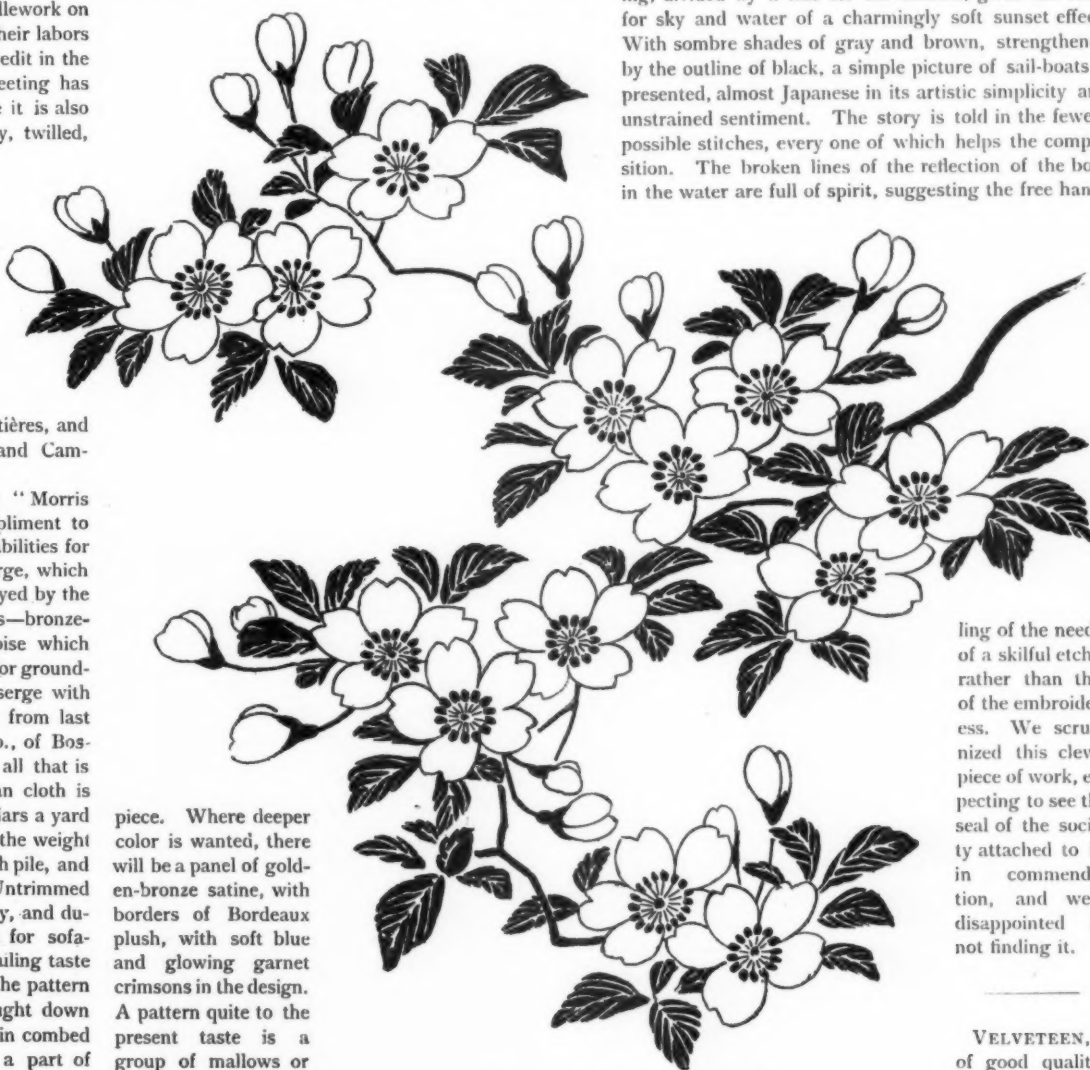
NATURAL curiosity about arrasene, Bolton sheeting, and other embroidery materials led me to improve a recent opportunity to examine them. The arrasene I found a fine chenille, as soft as "zephyr" wool, well adapted for rich materials and showy work, and not, as many have been led to think from its name, a stout thread for working wall-hangings and tapestry. It is gorgeous in cushion-work, where it is best used on a ground of plush, in which glowing mallows and roses are imbedded, even with the pile of the plush, not raised, as in chenille embroideries, commonly known. The effect of the sunken work is as much richer as it is less pretentious than the bolder style, although the new material does not seem to be highly recommended by connoisseurs in embroidery. Bolton sheeting, however, is one of the standard artistic materials, pleasing in every sense, and adding the grace of durability. Ladies planning needlework on this fabric have the satisfaction of knowing their labors will endure for their own use, and do them credit in the eyes of their children after them. This sheeting has long been in domestic use in England, where it is also known as "butler's linen," being a heavy, twilled, wide household fabric, "half bleached" to that creamy softness of hue dear in all napery. It is washable and wearable, well suited for lawn tennis dresses, morning-gowns, artists' aprons (badge of the feminine part of the profession!), or the blouses so much worn about the house. Its popularity may be inferred from the fact that not a shred or scrap of Bolton sheeting could be found recently in all Boston! From this we may anticipate an outbreak next spring of Bolton curtains, portières, and piano-covers throughout æsthetic Boston and Cambridge.

In default of the coveted sheeting, the "Morris cloth" is brought forward, named in compliment to the English decorator, who first saw its capabilities for artistic use. It is a heavy, wide woollen serge, which hangs in as faultless folds as velvets, and is dyed by the Morris house in all the choice artistic colors—bronze-green, tawny brown, dull red, the turquoise which blends with pink, and dead-leaf shades, fine for grounding. Turkish satin, a rather light wool serge with glossy satin face, is well known for draperies from last year's importations by R. H. Stearns & Co., of Boston, whose embroidery department contains all that is freshest and most select in taste. Turcoman cloth is out of common reach by its price—seven dollars a yard—but is a noble material, silken, and double the weight of the thickest momie-cloth, with a rough rich pile, and sometimes tinsel twisted with the silk. Untrimmed and unembroidered, it is a handsome drapery, and durable upholstery. Fashion seizes on plush for sofa-cushions and chair-seats, in which the prevailing taste is to surround it with a border of cluny lace, the pattern filled with silk in colors and gold thread caught down to the cloth, and finished by a row of tassels in combed wool of various colors. These tassels are a part of every piece of drawing-room work, not hanging from the edge as a fringe, but over the cloth, to punctuate a scallop or relieve a band of dark plush.

As for patterns, the mallow is a favorite flower with English designers, and well adapted to decoration, with its range of colors, as rich as those of hollyhocks or chrysanthemums, while its bells droop with more grace than the one, and are not so bold as the other. My compliments to both chrysanthemums and hollyhocks notwithstanding! What should we do without the

rose and snow and gold of the starry-disked flower in our winter rooms, and what other plant blooms with such Venetian splendor in cottage gardens as the hollyhock? I shall never forget how superbly it blossomed last August, in perfect, sumptuous color, against the gray palings of Gloucester gardens, in that beautiful, rambling old town by the sea. Such creamy golden buff, between bells of maroon and dead crimson, with a bloom of velvet and a light-like fire in the lucent petal, struck through by the western sun! Flowers bloom in that moist salt air with a luxury and prodigality unknown to more favored climates, and in consummate colors which would teach a decorator more than the Japanese. Yet how coarsely the hollyhock is always painted, by those who have not marked the marvel of its tones in congenial gardens!

The change in colorings fancied for ornamental work is delicate yet distinct, and disregard of this subtle rendering stamps the goods at many a gay-hung stall at fairs as out of date and unsalable. The shades affected in all designs are the whitest turquoise, which only blends with the array of clover pinks and ivory yellow (quite another tinge from ivory itself), sage-greens, and russets, which copy the shades left in old needlework. These tints are sure to be repeated in the fan-stitch borderings and rows of combed tassels of almost any



JAPANESE EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

piece. Where deeper color is wanted, there will be a panel of golden-bronze satine, with borders of Bordeaux plush, with soft blue and glowing garnet crimsons in the design. A pattern quite to the present taste is a group of mallows or geraniums, shading from pink to deep red, with bluish-green

leaves in Kensington work on a golden-bronze plush. Antique reds and pinks, purple harebells and Canterbury bells with autumn-altered foliage, from pallid green to bronze, like leaves in old tapestry, are found in many of the handsome patterns.

Printed momie-cloth in sage-green or bronze grounds has the pattern filled in Kensington stitch and couching

with crewels, a work in vogue for panels, curtains, and piano-backs. Very light materials joined with very heavy ones are seen in the same piece of work; thus, a cushion with centre of Madras muslin is worked in "fade" silks and gold thread, with a wide border of garnet plush, gay with fan-stitches, spangles and tassels which repeat the litany of fashionable colors. Scrim-cloth worked in light colors is a great deal used, both for draperies and aprons, or broad collars and cuffs for artistic costumes, worked in shaded crewels or antique silks. For decorative pieces, it usually has a border of cluny lace over dark cloth, filled in color, with a wide heading of garnet or bronze plush and tassels!

The richest work must not be forgotten. It uses the stamped or ciselé velvet, filling the incised pattern with natural-hued silks and gold and beads, producing stuffs like the superb stiff Italian altar-pieces. This work is mostly for cushions and rich borders for drapery.

SHIRLEY DARE.

A DECORATIVE panel in outline needlework, admirably designed and executed, the work of one of the contributors of the New York Society of Decorative Art, has lately been added to the objects on exhibition at the rooms of the society. A ground of old gold sheeting, divided by a line for the horizon, gives the color for sky and water of a charmingly soft sunset effect. With sombre shades of gray and brown, strengthened by the outline of black, a simple picture of sail-boats is presented, almost Japanese in its artistic simplicity and unstrained sentiment. The story is told in the fewest possible stitches, every one of which helps the composition. The broken lines of the reflection of the boat in the water are full of spirit, suggesting the free hand-

ling of the needle of a skilful etcher rather than that of the embroideress. We scrutinized this clever piece of work, expecting to see the seal of the society attached to it, in commendation, and were disappointed in not finding it.

VELVETEEN, if of good quality, makes an excellent ground for screen panels,

chair-covers, portières, curtains, borders, etc. It can be worked in the hand, if the embroidery be not too heavy or large in style. Utrecht velvet is only suitable for coarse crewel or tapestry wool embroidery. It is fit for curtain dados or wide borderings. Velvet cloth is a rich plain cloth, finished without any gloss. It is a good ground for embroidery, either for curtains or altar-cloths.

INDUSTRIAL ART

HISTORY AND ART OF BOOKBINDING.

LATELY a very interesting lecture on this subject was delivered before the Society of Arts in London by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, a fellow of that learned body, and its assistant secretary. The consideration of the art of bookbinding is so clearly within the scope of this department of our magazine that we need no excuse for reproducing, as it is our intention to do, in a series of illustrated articles, this concise and valuable essay. Mr. Wheatley added to the interest of his lecture by exhibiting illustrations of famous examples of the book-binder's art. We shall reproduce these, and add to them others carefully selected from the most desirable sources. Mr. Wheatley says:

Bookbinding may be considered as a fine art, as a mechanical art, and as a manufacture, but, before dealing with these divisions of the subject, it will be well to take a rapid survey of the history of the art. It is not necessary to dive into the recesses of antiquity, and to bring to the surface the name of the ancient Phillatius—inventor of a particular kind of glue for fastening the leaves of a book together, to whom the Athenians are said to have erected a statue as the founder of the art of binding—for bookbinding, as we now understand it, is essentially a modern art. So to deal largely with the numerous materials used at various times for the covering of books—such as terra-cotta, wood, ivory, metal-work and needlework—would carry us far away from the subject we have to consider.

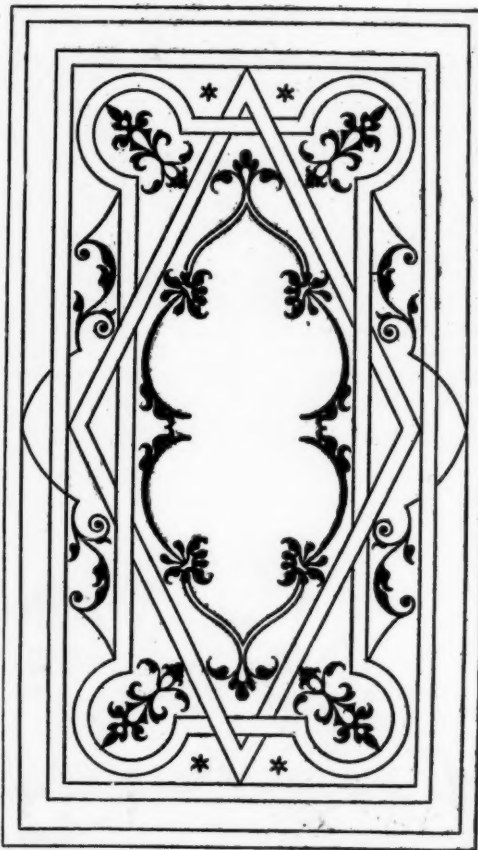
The goldsmiths, the silversmiths, the enamellers, the ivory carvers, and many other artists not ordinarily associated in our minds with book production, all united to adorn the precious manuscripts of ancient times; so that St. Jerome was forced to exclaim, "Your books are covered with precious stones, and Christ died naked before the gate of his Temple." These adornments, however, helped to shorten the lives of the books they covered, as they often excited the cupidity of those into whose hands they fell. Thus, the Turkish soldiers, when they seized the magnificent library of Corvinus, King of Hungary, tore off the rich bindings and threw the manuscripts away as useless and valueless. Then, again, covers belonging to one book got separated from it, and were subsequently used as a protection to another of a different date. The late Mr. Libri made some remarks on this point, which are very pertinent, but were intended by him to account for certain "botchings" of his own:

"Not only are those bindings in metal, ornamented in different styles, and called Byzantine, very rarely of the same period as the manuscripts to which they may be found attached, but it is sufficient to cast an eye upon them to feel convinced that, to form them, objects belonging to different ages, due to various artists, and even executed in distant countries, have been employed. Indeed, we often meet with a singular mixture of cameos or ancient intaglios, Byzantine or Limoges enamels, and bas-reliefs of ivory or metal, belonging to totally different periods, and having widely different artistic characters. Sometimes even ancient bindings, made originally for smaller volumes, have been used at a later date for books of a larger form by affixing borders to some ornamental sides, placed as centres of the new cover. An example of this singular mode of *botching* is to be seen in an Evangelistarium taken from the Sainte Chapelle, and now preserved in the National Library at Paris."

It is well to bear in mind that these books were intended to lie flat, and the upper cover, which was made heavy to keep the leaves down, was generally the only one ornamented. Naturally when books were made to stand up in bookcases, a different treatment became necessary.

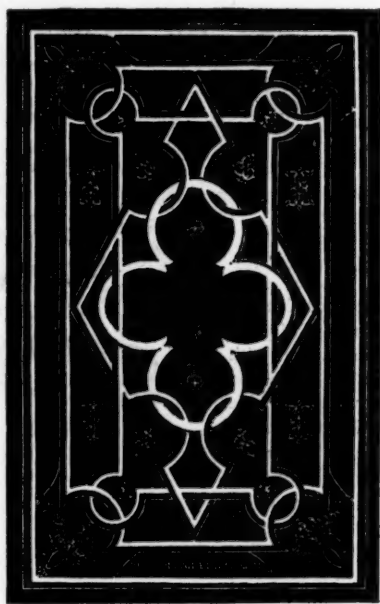
The wardrobe accounts of Edward IV. of England contain some curious particulars respecting the cover-

ing of books. In 1480 Piers Bauduyn, stationer, was paid 20s. for binding, gilding, and dressing of "a booke called Titus Livius;" also the same sum for another book; and 16s. for a "booke called the Bible." For



FRENCH BINDING IN GROLIER'S EARLY STYLE.

binding and dressing, without gilding, his charge for three books was 6s. 8d., and for dressing alone two books he received only 3s. 4d. These sums did not form the total expense of the binding, for velvet, silk, tassels, buttons, clasps, and nails, were delivered to



FRENCH BINDING IN GROLIER'S STYLE.

the binder, for the purpose of covering and garnishing the books, out of the wardrobe stores. Alice Claver, silkwoman, was paid 14d. for an ounce of sewing silk, and sundry other sums for blue silk, black silk, laces,

buttons, and tassels, and figured crimson satin. The coppersmith also received 3s. for each pair of clasps of copper and gilt with roses upon them, and 5s. for each pair of clasps with the king's arms upon them. These volumes, in their crimson and other gorgeous-colored covers,

"Full goodly bounde in pleasaunt coverture
Of domas, satyn, or els of velvet pure,"

must have looked somewhat like those books which Hamlet and other stage heroes and heroines appear to read so intently, and then toss on to the floor, to the evident injury of their corners.

Although we may consider the invention of printing as our starting-point in the history of leather bookbinding, we shall find that velvet and embroidery were still frequently employed in binding the books of royalty for a long period after leather had come into general use. Many specimens of velvet-covered volumes, embroidered with patterns in colored silks and gold twist, have come down to our time. The presentation copy to Queen Elizabeth of Archbishop Parker's grand work, "De Antiquitate Ecclesie Britannicæ," 1572, is now in the British Museum. It is bound in green velvet, which is embroidered in high relief, with a representation of a park inclosed within pales, containing trees, shrubs, and deer, on the side. Even as late as Charles the First's reign, the Ferrar family, at the so-called Protestant Nunnery of Little Gidding, gained great fame by their magnificent embroidered bindings. Prayer-books and other books of devotion were often bound in solid gold or silver, and hung from the girdle by a chain. One of these, which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, has been frequently figured. All such bindings as these must be looked upon as curiosities of considerable interest, both in the history of art and in the history of books, but of little importance in the history of bookbinding, for the binder, like the shoemaker, may well say there is nothing like leather. But, as the use of other materials than leather has continued to modern times,* so we find that leather was used for the less valuable manuscripts at a very early period, and stamped leather is peculiarly interesting, as exhibiting one of the earliest forms of engraving. The monks of Kenilworth were granted the right of hunting the deer, and the further permission of using the skins for their books, which reminds us of the well-known charter of Charlemagne to the abbots and monks of Sithen, by which they were granted an unlimited right of hunting, on condition that the skins of the deer they killed should be used in making gloves and girdles and *covers for books*. The great French minister, Colbert, in later times, exhibited the same spirit as is shown in these charters, when, in a treaty between France and Morocco, he insisted on a stipulation that the latter State should supply a certain number of skins of leather, to be used for bindings in the Bibliothèque Royale.

Originally, the book-production of the world was in the hands of the printer, who was printer, binder, and publisher, all in one; thus Dibdin describes a copy of the "Mazarin Bible," which "exhibits the central and corner bosses upon the stamped-calf covered boards, into which it was originally placed, possibly under the superintendence of old Faust himself." The leather was, at first, stamped with a few ordinary straight lines, perpendicular or diagonal, and some simple ornaments; but gradually the patterns became more elaborate, and arabesque designs were introduced. Portraits and full-length figures are frequently to be found stamped upon the old covers, and the German binders excelled in this branch of ornamentation. All this was in blind-tooling, for it was long before gilding became general, although it was in use in Italy before the end of the fifteenth century.

* Bishop Maltby, of Durham, caused a magnificent covering of silver gilt, ornamented with precious stones, to be made for the celebrated Evangelistarium written and illuminated by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, toward the end of the seventh century, and Rundell and Bridge's account for gold work on the binding of the early vellum printed Psalter in George III.'s library amounted to nearly £100.

In the manuscript department of the British Museum is a fine specimen of Neapolitan work of the latter part of the fifteenth century. It is a large folio volume, bound in dark reddish leather, with a series of dots in blind-tooling on the side, which forms a remarkable illustration of the rope-work pattern. It is, however, as the earliest European home of artistic binding with gold-tooling that we must rank Italy; and one of the first of Italian collectors was Michael Maioli, who is supposed by Libri to have been a relative and predecessor of the more celebrated Thomas Maioli. "The taste for fine binding," writes Libri, in the preface to the catalogue of the choicer portion of his library, 1859, "was spread through every class of Italian society, and, during the whole of the sixteenth century, we find books gorgeously bound for pious congregations, for religious men or women, for poets, for princes, for cardinals, and for popes; and we even see men celebrated for their humility, as well as for their stern and modest habits of life, like St. Charles Borromeo and St. Pius V., admit as much refinement in the adornment of their books as the most dissolute and profligate of men, such as that detestable G. Orsino, who strangled his wife with his own hands."

One of the most remarkable Italian collections of the sixteenth century was that formed by Demetrio Canevari. His books were mostly bound in one style, with a centre medallion in color. Th. Maioli adopted that liberal inscription which was imitated by Grolier, viz., "Th. Maioli et Amicorum." Heber was a true follower of these worthies; and Scott alludes, in the introduction to the sixth canto of "Marmion," to his not being one of those who "refuse to others what they cannot use."

"Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart."

When we consider the magnificence of the bindings in which Maioli's and Grolier's books were clothed, I think we must marvel the more at their amazing liberality. The more common feeling would be that of the French collector who put on his book-plate the appropriate verse from the parable of the ten virgins: "Ite ad mercatores et emite vobis"—Go to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

It was common for the old collectors to use various emblems and devices for their books, and also to stamp mottoes on the sides. Maioli's inscriptions were—"Inimici mea michi non me michi," and the less known "Ingratis servire nephas." Grolier's mottoes were—"Portio mea Domine sit in terra viventium," and "Æque difficulter," when his enemies accused him of robbery, and before his honor was vindicated. Diana of Poitiers, besides the crescent, adopted an erected arrow, rising out of a tomb, with the motto, "Sola vivit in illo."

Jean Grolier, born at Lyons, in 1479, and educated at Paris, entered the public service at an early age. He went to Italy on a political mission to Clement VII., and, at various times, made the acquaintance of the celebrated printers—the family of Aldus, of Budæus, Cælius Rhodoginus, and Erasmus. He returned to France laden with bronzes, medals, and books, and thenceforward he chiefly occupied himself with the foundation of a splendid library, the patronage of artists, and the enjoyment of literary and courtly society. He died in October, 1565, and a portion of his library was kept together until 1675, when it was dispersed by public auction. Grolier was the founder of the French school of ornamented binding, and many of the beautiful volumes which were bound under his supervision remain unsurpassed. In this instance the name of the employer has swallowed up the names of the employed, and we do not know what binders were employed by Grolier to bind his library. In France women have been among the foremost to support the professors of the beautiful art of bookbinding. Most of the kings of France were collectors of elegant books, and many of

them were egged on in their pursuit by their wives or mistresses. This was more particularly the case with Henry II., whose mistress, Diana of Poitiers, occupies a prominent position in records of bibliomania, and a good specimen of the binding of a book, from her collection, is shown in one of our illustrations. In the reign of Francis I. that king's books were bound with the arms of France and a salamander, and the letter F stamped in gold and silver. Those books which



FRENCH BINDING SHOWING THE EMBLEMS OF DIANA OF POITIERS.

were bound for the Dauphin during the life of Francis have a dolphin in addition to the salamander. Henry II. had the initials (H. and D.) of his own and his mistress's names interwoven and stamped upon his books, with crescents, bows, quivers, and other symbols of the chase, appropriate to the bearer of the name of Diana. In 1578 Nicholas Eve styled himself "Bookseller to the University of Paris, and Bookbinder to the King," and he and Clovis Eve produced some of the finest bind-

The great De Thou (better known to bibliographers by his Latinized name of Thuanus) must rank next after Grolier as a patron of bookbinding. He was master of the Royal Library under Henri IV., and the books were, by his directions, mostly bound in red morocco, stamped with the arms of France and the letter H in the four corners, sometimes followed by the number IIII. A few had the inscription, "Henrici IIII., patris patriæ virtutum restitutoris."

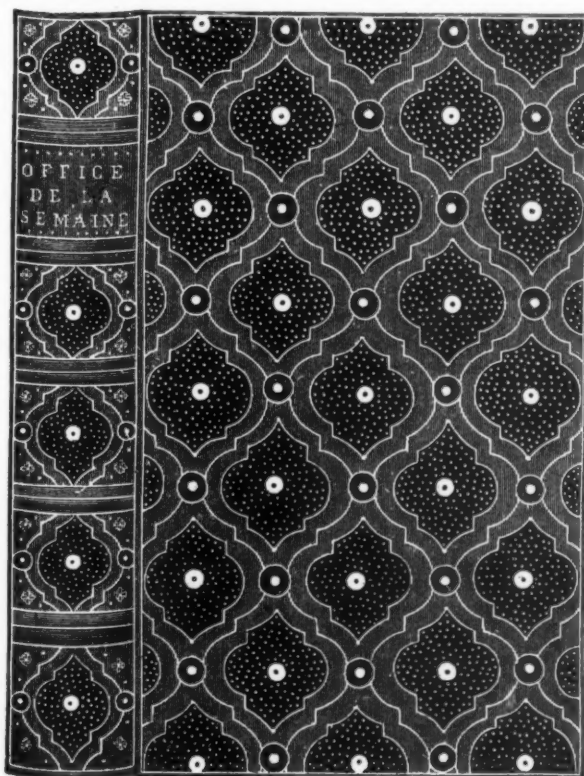
De Thou's own library must have been a marvel of beauty, as all his books were bound with exquisite taste. The most usual style adopted by him was a plain side, with his arms in the centre, and his monogram repeated down the back. He used his own arms alone when a bachelor, but on his marrying he added his wife's, and afterward those of his second wife were incorporated with his own and those of his first wife. Sometimes, however, he favored a more elaborate system of gilding. On the death of his uncle, Christopher, in 1583, Mammert Patisson printed a quarto volume of elegies, and De Thou bound a large paper copy in olive morocco, with representations of tears upon the covers.

These books were all fine copies, as well as grandly bound ones, for De Thou engaged purveyors in all countries to secure large paper or fine paper copies for his library, and he selected the most beautiful sheets from two or three copies to form one unique one. The library was kept intact for over an hundred and seventy years after his death. He left it to his son, with strict injunctions that it should not be disposed of. This son, by the second wife, continued to add to the library, and to bind the books he obtained in the same style as his father. On his death, however, in 1677, it was decided that the library should be sold by public auction, and a catalogue was published. The President, De Menars, purchased all the library, with the exception of the books in the first two days' sale, which were dispersed before he knew they were to be sold. He afterward bought back some of these books. The library was subsequently bought from his heirs by the Cardinal de Rohan, who incorporated it with his own. The Prince de Soubise, who was the lineal successor to the Rohan property, sold the library by public auction in 1788. The British Museum is particularly rich in specimens of Thuanus, as the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, whose library now rests there, bought largely of these treasures at the sale.

Up to this time few names of French binders have come down to us, and it is the collectors only who are recorded; but, soon afterward, the names of Le Gascon and Dusseuil come into marked prominence. The French are justly proud of Le Gascon. He bound much of Sir Kenelm Digby's library, and Mr. R. S. Turner has one of these interesting books in his fine library. Dusseuil received the honor of mention by Pope in the fourth of his "Moral Essays":

"His study! with what authors is it stored?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord:
To all their dated backs he turns you round:
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound!
Lo! some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows—but they are wood!
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book."

(To be continued.)



FRENCH BINDING OF THE TIME OF THE REGENCY.

ings ever seen in France, or, indeed, in any country. In Lacroix's "Arts in the Middle Ages" mention is made of a singular binding said to have been invented by Henry III., after he had instituted the order of "Penitents." It consisted of a death's-head and crossbones, tears, crosses, and other instruments of the Passion, gilt or stamped on black morocco leather, and having the device "Spes mea Deus," with or without the arms of France.

The communion plate and alms dish to be presented to the See of Liverpool, it is supposed, will be the finest ecclesiastical service (Gothic) in the United Kingdom. The communion service proper consists of fifteen pieces, is the gift of Mrs. Jane Laurence, of Mossley Hill, and is estimated to cost nearly 5000/. The alms dish is presented by Messrs. Elkington, the famous London jewellers. The designs are by Mr. W. C. Cadman, and the service is intended to illustrate the highest ecclesiastical art metal work of this century. The material is gold plate, illustrated with biblical scenes in repoussé work. The chalices and flagons are studded with carbuncles, amethysts, lapis lazuli, and other jewels.

The MUSICAL AMATEUR

THE NEW HYMNAL.



HERE has just appeared a work of sufficient originality, and of sufficient interest to all who are in any way connected with church music, to warrant me in devoting to it a brief article, mentioning its merits and indicating certain matters in which, according to my opinion, its editors have been in error. This work is entitled the "Evangelical Hymnal," and its editors are the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall and Mr. Sigismund Lasar; the literary part of the work being overseen by the former gentleman, and the musical by the latter.

Mr. Lasar has long been known to the musical residents of Brooklyn as a most earnest and capable worker in the cause of good music in every branch. The results he has attained with volunteer chorus choirs, and the works he has rendered with the girls of the schools where he has charge of the musical department, have been remarkable. When, at the commencement exercises of a famous Brooklyn institute, he had his girls sing, and sing well, in addition to detached smaller numbers, the Unison *Te Deum* in D of Barnby, and a complete Cantata by Carl Reinecke, he achieved a feat which would be possible to but few others under the same circumstances. He also drew the attention of lovers of good church music a few years since by the publication of his excellent Sunday-school hymn and tune book, the "Hymnary," and later, by an enlarged edition of the same work, entitled the "New Hymnary." Consequently, the musical excellence of the "Evangelical Hymnal" may be said to have been assured beforehand.

It is truly a pleasure to turn over the leaves of this work and look at tune after tune of undoubted excellence, and to miss the Mason, Bradbury, Perkins, Emerson, Sankey, and Bliss element, hitherto supposed necessary in any book which was to appeal to the public. With a most unusual modesty, Mr. Lasar has not made his book a vehicle for presenting to the public his own compositions. There are six hundred and thirteen hymns in the book, some with two or three tunes apiece, but you will look in vain for one by the editor. Nearly all the music of the work is of European, principally of English, origin. Barnby, Dykes, and their worthy co-writers furnish by far the larger share of the music. Out of a list of one hundred and eighty-eight names of composers at the end of the book, one hundred and eighteen are English, six are the titles of old books of psalmody, and the remaining sixty-four consist largely of the names of the old German chorale writers. The selections have been made generally with skill and good taste; and although I mean by and by to take exception to two or three things which have been done, it should be distinctly understood that the faults in the book are in comparison to its excellences as three or four loose bricks in comparison with a four-story house. If I seem to dwell on these faults rather heavily, it will be because I am sorry to see a work, otherwise so good, marred by them, and not because I deem them of vital importance as compared with the general high standing of the collection.

The Rev. Mr. Hall has acquitted himself nobly in his work as literary editor. In his search for good hymns he must have covered an immense field, and have consulted and examined books without number. From the thousands of hymns that he must have read and debated over he has chosen six hundred and ten, and all are good. The number is made up to six hundred and thirteen by the addition of the "Gloria in Excelsis," "Gloria Patri," and "Te Deum Laudamus." Judged from the usual standpoint, Mr. Hall's share of the work must be acknowledged as scholarly, judicious, and satisfactory in fulness of choice. Personally I do not like didactic and descriptive hymns—that is, for congregational use; but that is so purely a matter of individual judgment, peculiar to myself, that I cannot

honestly insist upon their presence in this collection as being a fault. It will be observed, on examination, that the "Gloria in Excelsis" has been restored to its original form—a form it lost some three hundred years ago, owing to a printer's blunder. I might say that I do not think very highly of the music published with it—one of the few failures in the book, in my opinion—but it is at any rate better than that nauseating triple chant, the use of which appears to be almost universal.

Of the features in the book which I do not approve, one is the using of one tune for two or three hymns; another is the separating of words from the tunes with which they have become identified *when those tunes are appropriate and good*; and the third is the alteration of harmonies from those used originally by the composer (invariably for the worse), and, in one ancient tune, the changing of the melody. The use of a tune for more than one hymn occurs frequently in this book, but one or two examples will suffice. To mention a particularly objectionable case, the tune which Barnby wrote for the hymn commencing "As when the sun's declining ray," is used first for the original words, which it fits to perfection, and subsequently for "Jesus, the very thought of thee," for "When languor and disease invade," and for "By cool Siloam's shady rill." It does not suit any of these, save in the simple matter of metre; and even if it did, it ought not to be used for any hymn except the one for which it was written. The tune written by S. S. Wesley for "The church's one foundation," is used again for "Hail to the Lord's anointed." I might quote many more instances, but these suffice. Of course there are certain old well-known tunes—tunes which have become common property unconnected with any special words—which can justly be used in this manner. Such tunes as *Mear*, *Dundee*, *St. Ann's*, and dozens of others may rightly be used to any hymn the sentiment and metre of which they suit. There are two tunes in this book for the hymn, "The sun is sinking fast," but neither is the original one; nor, in my opinion is either as good as that original. The same remark applies to the one tune set to "God, that madest earth and heaven;" it is not as good, for these words, as the original. "The Day of Resurrection" has also lost its proper tune. The hymn, "Much in sorrow, oft in woe," is put to a tune originally written for a Thanksgiving hymn, "Praise, O praise our God and king;" the sentiment of the two hymns being so utterly different, it is hardly necessary to say that the tune, which excellently fits the latter, will hardly give satisfaction to a musician when wedded to the former. "The world is very evil" has also lost the tune with which it has been associated; and although the tune here set to it is a very good one, the other was equally so, and mere change for change's sake should always be avoided.

Of the alteration of harmonies, much for the worse, I find four examples: "The strife is o'er, the battle won;" "Art thou weary, art thou languid" (first tune); "Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel" (originally translated, "O come, O come, Emmanuel," and needlessly altered); and "Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's triumph."

Of altered melodies I find two: "Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel," where the D natural of the original has been twice altered to a D sharp, a change which almost entirely destroys the ancient quaintness of the tune in its original form; and an utterly unpardonable alteration of the last line of Barnby's magnificent tune to "When morning gilds the skies." This change of the ending to a falling phrase instead of a rising one entirely deprives it of that character of triumphant jubilation which distinguishes the original form, and which so admirably suits the spirit of the words. It has also necessitated a change in the internal voice parts, greatly to be deplored.

This seems like much fault-finding; yet, when I add, as I can truthfully, that I find nothing else to cavil at in all these six hundred and thirteen hymns and tunes, I think I give the work the highest praise—a meed which, in my opinion, it richly deserves. I have no hesitation in say-

ing, as a conclusion, that no such fine collection of hymns has ever appeared in this country, and no better one in England, that home of the best church music. The biographical appendix to the book, which gives condensed biographies of all the authors, translators, and composers whose productions appear in the body of the work, is a valuable and interesting feature, and will be found of the greatest use for reference.

C. F.

LESSONS IN HARMONY.

VII.

As I said in the conclusion of my last lesson, we are now ready to enter on the study of the science of harmony, to which the preceding work on intervals and scales has been but preparatory. We therefore proceed at once to the consideration of the chord of the Triad, and its different positions and inversions. The chord of the Triad, which is the foundation and germ of all harmony, consists of any given tone with its major or minor third and its perfect fifth. (The pupil must remember that in counting up for our intervals we call the given tone 1; the tone next above it its second; the tone next above that its third; and so on, numbering the intervals as they stand in the scale.)

The pupil doubtless discovered, when writing out the scales, that there were, after all, but one major and one minor scale; that the twelve major scales were but the same succession of intervals transposed (that is, put into different keys), and that the twelve minor scales were also but transpositions of the one given as a model.

The same remark holds good in regard to the Triad. There are but one major and one minor Triad, each being, like the scales, capable of appearing in twelve keys. The Triad can, however, appear in each key in nine forms, three of which we will at once proceed to study. Here is the Triad of C, both major and minor:



As I said of the scales so I say of the Triads; it is the third which decides whether any individual one is major or minor. The note from which the Triad is calculated is called the Root. The three forms of the Triad which we are now to study are those technically known as the three Positions. First, let me show you that these three Positions are possible, and then we will set at work upon them. We may put our three notes so: or so: or so: ; and to keep firmly in mind our Root, we may write it on another staff below, thus:




If we play this, we get our Root "doubled" (that is, sounded in two parts simultaneously), but this does not matter. In these earlier stages of harmonic study we will write our Root at the bottom, until we are sufficiently practiced to appreciate it without seeing it.



The three Positions of the Triad are, for convenience in speaking and reference, known as the First Position, the Second Position, and the Third Position; thus:



These names do not vary. Whenever I say "First Position," I mean that represented by the first chord; whenever I say "Second Position," I mean that represented by the second; and whenever I say "Third Position," I mean that represented by the third.

In ancient times, when printing and paper were expensive, and the saving of room was an item much to

be considered, composers frequently did not take the trouble to write out the chords in full; they wrote only the bass note, and put under it the figures which indicated what intervals above that note should be taken, and in what order. Thus our First Position would have been written thus:  our Second thus:

 and our Third thus: 

I wish the pupil now to write out the major Triad in its three Positions in all the keys, putting the proper figures under each chord; for these figures, though practically but little used nowadays, are an absolutely necessary item of knowledge for all students. The three Positions of the minor Triad are the same:



In Figured Bass, as it is called, the flat before the 3 always means the minor Triad, even though we may not make it on the staff by the prefix of a flat. For example, in the key of D, where the minor third is F natural, we still put it in the figures as "flat 3."

Now let the pupil write out in every key the minor Triads in their three Positions, and figure them like the major ones, always, however, with the addition of a flat before the figure 3. Remember that while your major third is always four semitones above your root, your minor third is always three. In the key of G flat this will give you B double flat as your minor third; but your figure underneath must still remain "flat 3." Harmony takes no notice of the accidents of sharps and flats in the signatures, but deals only with the intervals from tone to tone.

In our next lesson we will study the remaining six forms in which the Triad can appear. These forms will come easily to the pupil if he will faithfully work out those that we have given here. C. F.

A MUSICAL CURIOSITY.

TWENTY-NINE years ago an enthusiastic Frenchman picked up a piece of flint which when struck gave a distinct and powerful musical tone. By much searching he discovered one or two more, of different pitches. This determined him to get, if possible, a complete chromatic scale of these natural music-makers. He spent twenty-four years in the search, and is now in this city with a complete chromatic scale of two octaves as the result of his two dozen years of travel and investigation. I called on him a few days ago and was introduced to his novel instrument. It is a very funny and a very wonderful affair. The tone of the stones is powerful and pleasant, and the intervals astonishingly correct. But they present some curious features. They are of all sizes, from seven inches to fourteen or sixteen in length, and from two inches to four or five in diameter; their general shape is that of a very badly made straight sausage, somewhat flattened on two sides, and very knobby, as though unchopped bones had entered into the stuffing of the sausage skin; but there are one or two whose irregularities of shape defy measurement or description. They are also of various weights. One notable fact is, that there is not a smooth stone among them. Their proprietor informed me that he had not, in all his travels and searchings, found a single smooth flint that would give any tone at all. An observer would suppose that the biggest or heaviest of the stones would give the lowest sounds. Not at all. Here is a small and comparatively light fellow occupying a position almost at the lowest end of the scale, and here one of the biggest monsters of the lot singing very near the top. Here are also two stones of the same weight speaking nearly an octave apart. Weight, shape, or density seems to have nothing to do with their pitch. There is no possibility of tuning them. To chip the smallest piece off one of these vocal curiosities is to silence it forever. Nor will they respond all over alike. This stone with such a mellow tone when you strike it on top, near the end, will re-

turn you nothing but a sound like the clank of a broken dish if you hit it on the side or in the middle. They never get out of voice, nor out of tune. Wet weather or dry, hot weather or cold, their pitch never varies, neither does their tone-color. Their master is enthusiastic over the fact that, in discovering these stones, he has discovered "the normal C of nature." If he is correct, the "normal C of nature" is just a shade sharper than the "French pitch" of to-day, and considerably flatter than the trying orchestral pitch of this country. I understand that their owner intends giving public exhibitions of them; if he does, I prophesy that they will arouse the keenest investigations of students of acoustics and the curiosity of musicians.

C. F.



WAS present at a concert some evenings ago which interested me greatly; and which should interest all, as showing what good work can be done by the most unpromising material through the medium of patient practice under competent and enthusiastic leadership. The concert was given by the chorus choir of a small chapel in this city. This chapel is situated in one of those parts of the city populated by the poorer classes; it draws its congregation from these people, and its choir from its congregation. Not a cent is paid to the singers; the director and organist alone receive each a small salary. The individual members of the choir know absolutely nothing of music, except the names of the notes; and have but little more idea about reading music than a hazy impression that when the notes go up they must go up also, and that when the notes go down they have also to descend. How far to go up and how far to go down are mysteries they have not yet unravelled. Yet this choir sings one short anthem every Sunday, and leads the congregation firmly in the hymns; and, in addition to its regular choir work, had managed to get up for this concert the following numbers: The choruses to two songs, one a little awkward in time, and the other rather unusual in intervals; a four-part song from a German composer, quite worthy of figuring on the programme of any first-class society; a rather long and difficult concerted piece for chorus, bells, piano and organ; and the "Gloria in Excelsis" in F of Berthold Tours. And these things were all acceptably sung; the concerted piece and the Gloria being the best rendered, as they were the most ambitious of all. Those who remember what I have said in my last year's articles on church music, may find here some encouragement to get up a chorus choir, even though the available material may not be very promising.

THERE exists in this city an amateur orchestra which calls itself the Mozart Musical Union. It has its weekly rehearsals, and gives an occasional concert. The gentlemen composing it seem to be thoroughly in earnest, and are, some of them, more than fair performers on their chosen instruments. It is a pity that the organization is, at present, under the conductorship of an utterly incompetent man, who appears much more interested in using the orchestra as a medium for bringing his own lucubrations before the public than in trying to advance it in excellence of performance. I attended a concert given by this society some little time since, and could not but feel sorry that so much evidently earnest and faithful endeavor should be so misdirected. Amateurs can so rarely be induced to take an active interest in concerted music of any kind that, when they do, every possible assistance and encouragement should be extended to them.

THE series of concerts given by Mr. Saalfeld at Steinway Hall is making some stir in the musical world. I mentioned, last winter, my objections to the title under which these concerts were then being advertised; and

am glad to see that it has this winter been changed, and they are now simply advertised as the "Saalfeld Popular Concerts." But although called "popular" (and, to judge by the attendance, truthfully so), they deserve some less misused title; for at every concert yet given this season at least two real artists have appeared. At one concert, for example, we had Miss Amy Sherwin, Miss Emily Winant, the string quartette of the New York Philharmonic Club, and a new and young pianist, Herr Alexander Lambert; at another, Edouard Remenyi, the violinist, the same string quartette as before, and Herr Lambert again.

REMENYI'S appearance at the Saalfeld concert was his first here for nearly two years. It is not to be expected that at his age a performer should alter much either for better or worse in that space of time; and, in fact, he comes back to us the same Remenyi, with the same faults and the same excellences as before. He still plays out of tune (in which feature he strongly resembles the late Ole Bull), and still makes such ridiculous motions that, in order to enjoy his playing, it is necessary not to look at him; and he still crushes all the tone into his instrument instead of drawing it out, when he wishes to play forte or fortissimo; but he also has still a wonderful facility of execution in certain excessively difficult and crooked passages, a beautifully artistic way of finishing those passages, a marvellous pianissimo, the surest and finest harmonics I ever heard, and considerable originality of conception—sometimes too much of this last, perhaps. He played several compositions of his own; there were fire and idea in all of them, but they were, without exception, too much spun out, and became wearisome from the endless repetitions of their principal phrases. A word must be said about the gentleman who accompanied M. Remenyi, and whose name was (very unjustly) omitted from the programme. I cannot conceive better accompanying than his for Remenyi, and I know, by actual experience, that the erratic violinist is one of the hardest men to "second" that can be found.

MISS AMY SHERWIN is an example of how one can be injured by one's friends. She was, last winter, a fairly good singer—nothing at all extraordinary—but she was, by the injudicious use of powerful influences, forced into many high and prominent positions over the heads of singers much her superiors—positions, too, for which she was vocally unfitted. She is now suffering the results of this mistaken though well-intended assistance. Put before the public last winter on every occasion, no matter how inappropriately, she finds it difficult this winter to get a hearing. Her voice has also suffered seriously from the forcing it underwent; the natural consequence of attempting to make a small and (naturally) sweet voice carry its own in heavy works like the "Damnation of Faust" and the oratorios. It has now a sharp, wiry tone in the upper notes whenever any pressure is put upon them; and, as always happens when a voice has been forced, the notes, when produced, are almost invariably more or less out of tune.

MISS WINANT sang at this same concert. How delightful it was to hear her rich tones, which seem to come so easily, and to fill the whole air with their golden sonority! I have always had a weakness for a good contralto voice—a real one, not a mezzo soprano forced down—and such a voice as Miss Winant's makes all the sopranos sound weak and mean. To listen to such a voice is in itself a sensuous pleasure, entirely irrespective of the nature of the music it may be interpreting; by which, however, I do not mean to insinuate that Miss Winant does not also sing well, for she does.

HERR LAMBERT thoroughly deserves a paragraph. This new pianist is very young—only eighteen I am told—yet he is already an artist, and must be classed with such men as Rummel, Joseffy, and Mills. He made his appearance entirely unheralded, before a not very musical audience, and played for his first solo the whole of the Schumann G minor Piano Sonata. And so fine was his performance of this work that, although it was far above the comprehension of ninety-nine hundredths of his audience, he roused them to such a pitch of enthusiasm by his playing that he received the heartiest applause and a persistent demand for "more" which could not be refused. This young pianist's touch is

bold and free, his attack sure and daring, his tone large and round, and his conceptions (to judge by the Sonata) just. He is the son of one of our numerous resident German musicians, has been studying in Vienna, and is soon to return there and continue his studies. Mr. Saalfeld deserves the thanks of the public for having brought him forward.

THERE are dread rumors of another Gilmorean national hymn—not angelically inspired, however, this time, which may lighten the infliction. Of course every one hopes it is not true; but until a definite denial can be given, the world waits with bated breath and trembling apprehension.

THE mention of Gilmore reminds me that by the time this number is in my readers' hands Rudolf Bial will have left Koster and Bial's concert rooms, and Gilmore and his military band will be there. And in new uniforms! I don't exactly know what this has to do with the quality of the music they will make, but it is being insisted upon with such earnestness by all concerned that it would be unjust not to mention it. I only hope they may not blow off the heads of their audiences, but Manhattan Beach and the Concert Hall are two places of very different size, and the mass of sound which was big enough for the former will be painfully overfilling and a trifle dangerous for the latter.

THE boy violinist, Maurice Dengremont, is filling his grown-up fellow-players with wonder and a little envy. As he does not appear to have been forced—for there is none of the posing of the infant prodigy about him—we have every right to expect from him a continual improvement and ripening of his already wonderful powers. He has not been prematurely aged by injudicious study, but, once away from his violin, is the boy he should naturally be at his age, which is, I believe, twelve or fourteen.

CARYL FLORIO.

THE SUPPLEMENT DESIGNS.

PLATE LXXXIII. consists of original designs for St. Valentine's Cards, drawn for THE ART AMATEUR by Geo. R. Halm.

PLATES LXXXIV. and LXXXV. are figure designs for outline embroidery, equally suitable for etching on linen.

PLATE LXXXVI. is a group of designs for jewelry and other industrial art work.

PLATE LXXXVII. is a design for a large plaque—"Goldfinch, Butterfly, and Acacia"—by Camille Piton. The following are Prof. Piton's instructions for painting it: *Ground*: Light turquoise-blue on the top and light ivory-yellow at the bottom. *Acacia*: Flowers, yellow for mixing, and sky-blue (light) for the first painting, retouched with gray No. 2 for the second firing. Leaves and stems, apple greens, yellow for mixing, ultramarine for the first painting, retouched with grass green No. 5 and brown No. 108 for the second firing. *Goldfinch*: Beak, yellow for mixing (light). Head, white and black (bluish black). Wings, black and silver-yellow. Body, brown bitume. Tail, black and gray (the black is a mixture of brown-black and blue.) *Butterfly*: Yellow (silver-yellow), red (carmine red), white of the china, and black border. The small flowers are white, and the stems and foliage green (deep chrome-green and yellow for mixing).

"MORRIS" ART IN DECORATION.

If we do not succeed in America in introducing into our homes the most approved modern ideas in furniture and decoration, it will not be from lack of opportunity. England has made wonderful strides during the last few years in her art industries, and we are steadily benefiting by what she is accomplishing in this direction. No one has done more toward this advancement than the now famous house of Morris & Co., who, with an accomplished decorative artist at its head, has anticipated the commercial requirements consequent to the improved popular taste, and has supplied them in a most satisfactory manner. A demand for "Morris" goods has been created in this country by our best architects, but until recently it has been only partially supplied. Mr. C. H. George, of Boston, did New York a real service by coming here and offering for sale a full line of Morris wall-papers; and his enterprise and good taste will not be forgotten now because Messrs. Morris & Co. have been encouraged to open in New York a branch house for the sale exclusively of their goods. The public, of course, will be glad of the advent of Messrs. Morris' representatives. These gentlemen, under the firm name of Elliot & Goodwin, have opened their warehouses in Union Square, and are already doing a brisk business. During a recent visit there we found an excellent variety of Morris carpets, wall-papers, tapestries, and hangings of all kinds. The colors of the goods are nearly all low in tone, and the general effect of the predominating tertiaries in their accidental combinations was singularly harmonious. One cannot visit these rooms without being forcibly reminded that artistic quality does not lie

in expensive fabrics nearly so much as in the brains of the designer. We find here cretonnes to which clever coloring and design give the rich appearance of silk, printed cotton velvets which skilful stamping has transformed into sumptuous draperies, and bed-room chintzes which have the elegance of a time-honored wedding-gown. The success of Messrs. Elliot & Goodwin can mean nothing less than improved taste in the furnishing and decoration of our homes, and they therefore, we need hardly say, have our most cordial good wishes.

Correspondence.

THE SINS OF THE CARPENTER.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: When will the artists take the carpenters in hand and inoculate them with a few saving ideas of taste? The common carpenter has a great deal to do for many people of taste to their finger-tips, who read THE ART AMATEUR, but live perforce in hired houses. After six weeks' penance in an ordinary suburban cottage in view of a standing eyesore, I ask if carpenters can ever be persuaded to omit the wide and deeply-channelled mouldings which they now appear to deem indispensable? Every part of the house in question, even to the cellar, has mouldings fit for a church door. They offend the eye with a sense of over-elaborateness, and are a standing plague to the housekeeper. Paint ought to be the decoration in simple houses where woods are not left to their native tint, under shellac, and mouldings might be entirely plain or merely chamfered. Warm, dark colors would be attractive for interiors—Venetian red and brown—with the chamfers in brighter red or orange. A three-foot wainscot of horizontal, six-inch, matched ceiling would seem to an ordinary carpenter out of place, except in a woodshed. But such a cheap and simple wainscot, painted deep red-brown, with some dark orange and lighter red to relieve it, would harmonize with a good toned wall-paper, and be more truly artistic than the tile dados and polished walnut panelling of some more pretentious houses. Tiles are fast becoming vulgarized by a factory sort of decoration not much above the applied "scrap-picture" ornament of japanned coal-scuttles and type-writer cases.

S. D. P., Newton Highlands, Mass.

VARNISHING OIL PAINTINGS.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: Please tell me how to put an even gloss on an oil portrait so as to bring out the colors clear and bright. Oiling I do not like. Is there a varnish that is safe, that will not injure the colors if applied in four weeks after the painting is finished? What kind of varnish? In New York, I have been told it is not safe under a year, but I have seen portraits delivered in six weeks from the time of receiving the order, with the even surface I wish to get.

MRS. L. D. W., EASTON, Penn.

ANSWER: Windsor & Newton's "mastic varnish" is the best thing to use; but it must not be applied until the painting is quite dry. You can know when your picture is dry by touching it very lightly with the finger. If it is sticky, it is not yet fit to varnish. It is impossible to tell what time it requires for an oil painting to dry. Much depends on the medium used by the artist. If he use only oil (linseed oil), the colors will take longer to dry than if he used "siccative." Some colors too—silver white and Naples yellow, for instance—dry sooner than others, such as lake and bitumen. The last named takes a very long time.

MANTELPiece DECORATION.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: Can you give me some ideas in regard to a mantelpiece? It is old-fashioned, carved, and the sides re-turned. The depth is about 18 inches; the shelf nearly 5 feet from floor; width of shelf, 12 inches. The wood-work is painted white. On the front of the shelf are vases and bric-à-brac. Now, how shall I arrange the sides, or rather the ends? What will look best on them? Could I have anything made that would not be a passing fashion and yet be effective? (2.) Where can I obtain a cabinet, not too expensive, to hold my china, and that will look well in a parlor?—an odd-standing one wished. What would be the price? (3.) I have some handsome deer-horns. Could I have them made into something artistic for hat-rack and umbrella-stand?

I was very glad, after reading a recent number, to find I had the counterpart of the handsome blue plate, "The Escape of the Mouse." I purchased it in the country for fifty cents.

S. G., Salem, N. J.

ANSWER.—(1.) A pair of old-fashioned pictures would be in keeping; or Japanese panels; or, if, as we understand by your description, there is a recess on either side-shelf, a pair of tall, decorative vases would be better than either. (2.) At E. W. Hutchings & Sons', No. 99 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. Write to them for particulars. (3.) A pair of antlers, well mounted, is an excellent decoration for a hall or a dining-room. We think that this is a better use for them than converting them into a hat-rack or an umbrella-stand. It is also much less expensive.

STAMPED WALL LEATHER.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: I read some time ago in your columns an article on stamped leather for wall-hangings and upholstery. Can you tell me where the leather can be obtained?

S. B., Phila.

ANSWER.—Messrs. Charles R. Yandell & Co., No. 6 East Eighteenth Street, New York, art furniture manufacturers, make a specialty of it.

PAINTING ON VELVET.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: Will you please inform us how painting is done on velvet and plush? Must a special kind be used? if so, what? Is oil or water-color used?

THE WATERLOO ART ASSOCIATION SUBSCRIBERS.

ANSWER.—Use the best moist water-colors, mixed with a little spirit, which brightens the colors and prevents them running. Powder colors, ground with a little gum water and laid on very dry, are also used; but although they produce the brightest effects they are not so safe to use as the moist colors, for the gum is apt to stick together the pile of the velvet, and take off the beautiful look which is one of its great charms. Use a "scrub-brush," which is made of bristles cut even at the ends, holding it nearly upright. The outline may be pricked on white paper, and pounce or red chalk lightly dusted through the holes. We have seen two kinds of velvet on which effective painting has been done—one the thick coarse-made, as used by our grandmothers, and the other a smooth white velveteen, about like that used for dresses. A very full shade of blue has a rich appearance, and is not so easily soiled as white.

DIRECTIONS FOR PAINTING A PLAQUE.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: I wish to paint on a plaque a pair of owls—in a forest by moonlight. Which Lacroix colors should I use in tinting the plaque, and what colors in painting the trees and the owls?

"GENERAL DIRECTIONS."

ANSWER.—For the ground use ultramarine blue and neutral gray well mixed; the owl should be browns and gray, the browns on the back, and the tree dark-green and gray.

New Publications.

DESSINS DE DECORATION DES PRINCIPAUX MAÎTRES is a large, handsome portfolio containing forty plates collected and reproduced under the direction of M. Ed. Guichard, of the Central Union of the "Beaux Arts Appliqués à l'Industrie," with an essay upon Decorative Art by M. Ernest Chesneau. The work is from the famous press of A. Quantin, so we need hardly say that it is gotten up in the most artistic manner. Among the plates we may mention choice examples of the work of A. C. Boule—tables, bureaux, and caskets; a ceiling decoration in Louis XIV. style by Eugene Delacroix; chandelier, clock, and chamber decorations by J. C. De Lafosse and Marechal; an ewer, enamels, and comfit-box by J. J. Fenchere; decorative panels by Nicholas Poussin, Prieur, Rosex, Nollet, Claude Gillot, Ch. Le Brun; a grate by Daniel Marot; overdoors by J. E. Nilson; and clock, dish, and teapot designs by Hyacinthe Regnier. The designs, which cover a wide range of subjects, will be found usefully suggestive to decorators and designers. At the close of the book biographical mention is made of each artist named in the book. (J. W. Bouton, New York.)

A SUPERB CERAMIC WORK.—Whatever opinion the original subscribers to the sumptuous work, "Ceramic Art of Japan," may have of Messrs. Henry Sotherton & Co., the publishers, for having brought out a new edition of this rare book at a much reduced price, lovers of art books generally will doubtless hail the announcement with satisfaction. The original large paper edition, we believe, was all sold at a largely enhanced valuation before it was out of the press. Of the present edition, which is also "de luxe," only one thousand copies have been printed. It is little if at all inferior to the first. The text, by George A. Audsley and James L. Bowes, is the same, and the superb chromo-lithographic illustrations are from the original plates of Firmin-Didot & Cie, and are printed in a way that is absolutely faultless. The illustrations of the book make it invaluable to the student and collector of Japanese pottery, for they put before one pictures of some of the rarest specimens of the ceramic art. Next actually to possessing the treasures shown, perhaps nothing could be more satisfactory than regarding the admirably-executed representations of them in the pages of this work. Messrs. Scribner & Welford and Mr. J. W. Bouton import the work for American purchasers.

LES PENSIONNAIRES DU LOUVRE is a handsome reprint of the very amusing series of articles which appeared in "L'Art" last year under the same title. The capital pen-and-ink drawings of the lady students at work are reprinted with the original text, which seems racier reading, now it is disconnected from the pages of the great French art journal, for which, if the truth be told, it was altogether too frivolous. The writer, who is quite a wag, while ostensibly occupied in the galleries of the Louvre in the study of art, was slyly collecting scraps of conversation which he overheard, to garnish the caricatures of the ladies of all ages and appearances who form the staple of the illustrations of the book. While engaged in this delectable employment, we grieve to note that he appears to have flirted outrageously with the pretty women, and to have chaffed the homely ones without mercy. (J. W. Bouton, New York. Price \$3.)

BY FAR THE CHEAPEST PICTURE BOOKS we know of are the catalogues of the Paris and Brussels annual exhibitions, which consist almost entirely of autographic illustrations. We noticed the catalogue of the Paris Salon some months ago, and have now before us that of the "Exposition Historique de L'Art Belge et du Musée Moderne de Bruxelles." The drawings are equal to those in the French work, and perhaps are even richer in their suggestions to the art student. (J. W. Bouton, New York. Price, \$1.25.)

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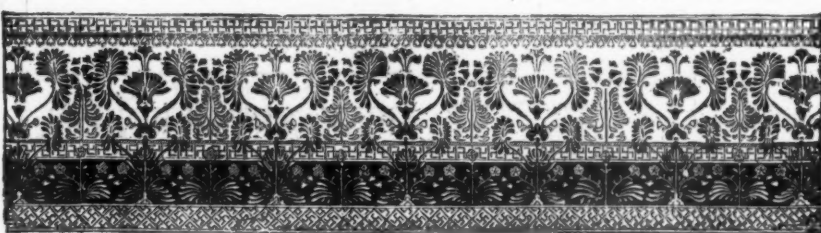
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